

SNATCHED

Written by

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SCREENPLAY BY

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FADE IN

INT./EXT. CONVENIENT STORE/THE ROBBERY - NIGHT

At a convenient store in Chicago, Illinois, three men in black ski mask are attempting to rob the cashier. HECTOR (21) is wearing a black pullover hoodie and baggy jeans.

MARCOS (19) is wearing a dark blue pullover hoodie and black jeans.

MICHAEL (17) is wearing an army green pullover hoodie with light blue jeans. They are all armed with 8MM handguns. The leader of the pack (Hector) opens the door to the convenient store. The doorbell dings as they enter.

Hector is carrying a medium size fabric handbag. Marcos and Michael follow him in. Hector rushes up to the clerk while aiming his gun at him. Marcos and Michael do the same.

The clerk is an older middle-aged Indian man.

With dark black short hair. He is wearing a silk maroon button down shirt and brown slacks.

HECTOR

Open the fuckin register and put
all the cash in the bag!

Hector demands and slams the bag down on the clerk's counter.

The clerk was anxious and horrified. His heart was pounding, and his knees were twitching.

CLERK

Okay, I don't want any trouble.

His voice was shaky, and his hands were nervously trembling. He opens the cash register and reaches underneath the counter pushing the panic button.

MICHAEL

Man, I got a bad feeling about
this.

Michael quickly became paranoid. Hector glances back at Michael and then he rapidly looks back at the clerk. The clerk takes the money out from inside the register. He hurries and puts it in the bag.

HECTOR
Come on, hurry up!

He violently shouts while shaking and pointing his gun at the clerk. Hector's patience was running thin. He knew it was only a matter of time before the cops show up. The clerk complied with Hector's commands.

He rushes and piles the rest of the money in the bag. Hector swipes and grabs the bag full of cash from the clerk.

HECTOR
Let's go!

Hector turns around and runs in between Marcos and Michael. He quickly storms out of the convenience store with Marcos right behind him. Michael panics and remains inside.

Five police cruisers came racing up as soon as Hector and Marcos darts out. The loud sounds of their roaring sirens surround them.

POLICE OFFICER
Drop your weapons! Get down on your
knees and put your hands behind
your head!

The police officer was speaking on an IP54 microphone. He had his driver door open while standing with one foot out. Several of the officers were standing outside next to their vehicles.

They had their guns drawn at Hector and Marcos.

Surrendering, they threw their hands up. Dropping their guns to the ground. Hector lets go of the bag of cash. They drop to their knees and place their hands behind their heads.

Inside the convenience store Michael is frantically nervous.

He looks behind him and saw a back door. He glances back towards the clerk.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry.

The clerk confusingly looks at him. Michael turns and charges out the back door. He heads into an alley behind the convenience store.

Outside in the front of the store. Two police officers are standing behind Hector and Marcos.

One female and one male officer. The officers pull off Hector's and Marcos's ski masks.

Hector is Hispanic with black wavy hair and brown eyes. With light skin and a dominant face. He is 5 foot 9 inches with a stocky build.

Marcos is bald with black peach fuzz. He is also Hispanic with brown eyes and dark skin. He is 6 feet tall and slightly overweight.

The two officers take their hands from behind their heads and placing them in handcuffs.

The handcuffs clicked together.

HECTOR
Where is Mike?

Soft spoken with anger as he looks over at Marcos.

MARCOS
I don't know man. Maybe he got out.

Marcos put his head down. Hector looks to his left looking for Michael.

HECTOR
(As loud as can be.)
Mike! Mike! Come out you coward!

Hector frustratingly yells. The police officers lift Hector and Marcos up from their knees to their feet. The two police officers walk them over to their squad cars.

Michael is hiding in an alley behind the convenience store. He is crouching down with his back up against the building. Michael overhears Hector yelling.

HECTOR
I will get you for this Mike!
You hear me! This isn't over!

The police officers look at Hector. They were annoyed with his behavior. They continue to walk them over to their police cruisers. One of the officers that has Hector opens the back door to her squad car.

She touches the top of Hector's head and pushes him inside. The other officer does the same with Marcos.

In the alley, Michael's eyes widen with fear. The fear of being caught.

He quickly takes off his ski mask and is breathing very heavily.

Michael is Caucasian with short dirty blonde hair. Royal blue eyes and a baby face. He stands about 5 feet and 11 inches tall and has a slender build.

He makes a choice and decides to run down the alley and escape.

INT. PRISON/TIME TO GET OUT - DAY

15 years later at a Chicago prison in the visiting center. There are five booths all lined up together. Each booth has a black landline phone attaching to the wall. Four prisoners including Hector, walk into their assigning booths.

They are let in by prison guards. The opening of the doors was buzzing loudly as they all enter.

Hector is now 36 years old, still looking the same. Just much older and scruffier than before. He is anxious and ready to get out of prison.

Already sitting down in a chair across from Hector is JAVI.

Javi is a young Hispanic man in his early thirties. He has short black hair with a faded cut. Supporting a mustache with dark brown eyes. He stands about 5 feet 9 inches tall and is slender in appearance.

Separating them is bullet proof glass, Hector goes and sits down. There is an African American woman prison guard standing behind Hector. Her back is up against the wall.

Hector takes the phone and places it to his left ear. Javi does the same.

HECTOR

What do you have for me Javi?
Better be good news. I'm so tired
of hearing the bad. I get out in
two days.

Hector was feeling annoyed and impatient.

JAVI

You know your boy, Mike? The one
that skipped out on you 15 years
back.

Javi lays his forearm on the booth's table. He gets closer to the glass. Hector glances back at the prison guard as she looks down at him.

Then he looks back at Javi. Hector leans closer towards the glass.

HECTOR
What about him?

Hector was questionable. Just hearing him say Michael's name made him quiver.

JAVI
I heard he enlisted in the Marines,
and that he is currently serving
overseas.

HECTOR
Really? He has gone straight.

JAVI
Yeah, and get this. He got married
and had a kid.

Javi snickers as he quietly speaks closer into the phone. Hector grins with excitement in his eyes.

HECTOR
(Smirks)
So, where do they stay when he's
not there?

Hector looks back at the prison guard and sees that she is paying no attention. Then he looks back at Javi.

JAVI
At home, alone. I'm sure.

HECTOR
Where?

JAVI
I can pull in a few favors and find
out.

The Prison bell buzzes.

PRISON GUARD
Times up!

She looks over at Hector and he looks back at her.

HECTOR
Be ready in two days.

Hector pushes his chair out and he stands up. Javi nods his head and then he stands up.

They hang up the phones as the prison guard places her I.D. on the badge reader next to the door.

"BEEP!"

The door unlocks and she opens it. Hector walks inside.

INT./EXT. THE MISSION - DAY

In Afghanistan, Iraq there is a military Apache Attack Helicopter AH-64D/E whirling and flying above the ground.

Michael and three other men are traveling inside. The thickness and impulsive rotation of the helicopter's blades roared through the air.

They are all geared up wearing their military attire. They are all holding M4 carbine rifles.

Michael is 32 years old now. He is thicker with a muscular build. His hair is a little shorter than fifteen years prior. He still has his deep baby blue eyes, and he now stands 6 feet and 3 inches tall.

Michael has a couple of bullet hole scars on his left arm underneath his Semper FI marine tattoo. He is ranked as a Lieutenant in the Marines.

MARINE 1

So, what's the plan Mike?

MARINE 1 (20) is a younger marine without a lot of experience.

He looks to Michael for guidance. While he sits across from Mike on the helicopter. One other marine is sitting next to Michael and the other is sitting next to Marine 1.

MICHAEL

There is a suicide bomber station behind one of those convoys. Our mission is to find him and neutralize the threat. He is our target.

MARINE 1

Roger that.

All the Marines glance at Michael and nod their heads. The helicopter is hovering 3 feet from the ground.

MICHAEL

Move out!

Michael jumps out of the helicopter carrying his rifle. Marine 1 and the other marines follow him.

Several other marines are hiding behind barriers while firing and exploding their weapons. The helicopter rises and takes off in another direction.

Michael is firing round after round trying to eliminate the threats. He gets behind one of the closest barriers near him. He gets down on one knee while quickly reloading his M4 carbine rifle.

Michael is feeling anxious and stressed as he looks at his surroundings. Loud rumbling vibrations of firing sounds scattering around them.

Meanwhile the other marines close by are hunching down behind a few different barriers.

Five Iranian soldiers jump up and open fire. Bullets are soaring and crackling through the air. The marines look over at Michael as he glances towards them. He mouths and counts down from three. While using his fingers.

MICHAEL
(Mouth the numbers)
1,2,3.

Once Michael gets to 3, Michael and the rest of the Marines jump up and begin to fully unload their weapons. The Iranian soldiers grunt and moan in pain from the fiery pellets. Each Iranian was shot and killed except for one.

MICHAEL
Move!

Michael shouts in a strong and stern tone. He uses a hand signal for his marines to head out. Michael runs out from behind the barrier, and he turns to the right. He proceeds to stride straight towards the convoys.

The other marines form a line and follow him. There was an Iranian enemy hiding behind one of those convoys. The enemy takes out a grenade and he quickly removes the pin.

With an increase amount of force, he throws it in the direction of the Marines. The grenade lands at their feet. Michael looks down in complete revelation.

MICHAEL
Take cover!

Michael frantically yells. He runs and leaps to the right and lands on his side.

The other marines turn around and quickly run for cover. Within seconds the grenade explodes like a rocket. Sadly, it was too late for three fellow marines.

They were killed from the destructive blast. Michael is lying on his back and breathing rapidly. He is behind a barrier and squinting his eyes. The piercing sounds from the grenade left his ears ringing.

Michael was devastated to see three of his marines lying dead on the ground. One of those fallen men was Marine 1. Michael then looks over at his remaining marines. They were hunching down behind the barriers.

Michael solemnly nods his head at them. Then he slowly sits up.

The Iranian soldier was about to toss another grenade. He takes the pin out and he flings it towards them.

Michael quickly gets to his feet and shoots him in the center of his head.

The Iranian mumbles as he flew back and was killed instantly.

Michael lets his gun go as it hangs from the strap to his left side. Michael jumps and slides to the ground kicking up dirt.

He swiftly picks up the grenade and closes the pin before it could erupt. He breathes a sigh of relief while holding the grenade in the palm of his hands.

The remaining Marines look over at Michael. Nodding their heads and taking slow breaths.

While kneeling on the ground, Michael puts his index finger up to his lips.

MICHAEL

Shhh...

He quietly whispers. His marines look at him and slightly nod their heads. Michael stands up and waves his hand for his men to follow him. The Marines come out lowering their crosshairs following directly behind Michael.

The Marines are slowly walking in a line with Michael while observing their surroundings. Michael suddenly stops. He notices the suicide bomber right behind the far-right convoy.

The suicide bomber is preparing to detonate his explosive.

Michael scurries and gets behind an old beat-up red Toyota Corolla. He crouches down, and hand signals for his marines to get behind him. They all line up and Michael glances back at them.

MICHAEL

Wait here.

Mouthing those words to his men.

The Marine directly behind him silently nods his head. Michael stands up and focuses while lowering his crosshair. He quietly rushes up to the suicide bomber. The bomber was preparing his explosive.

He was startled as he shockingly looks up at Michael. He is standing above him. The suicide bomber is crouching down on his knees. Michael powerfully punches him on the side of his face.

The suicide bomber stumbles back.

He reaches into his pocket to pull out his pistol. Before he could get his gun out. Michael grabs his rifle. He shoots the bomber in his face twice. Instantly killing him. Michael seemingly glares down at him.

He let go of his rifle once again and he glances over at the bomb. Michael looks over towards his Marines. He signals for them to come here. Michael looks back at the bomb as it was counting down.

There were 40 seconds left till the bomb detonated.

MICHAEL

Target executed.

Michael spoke into his Intra-Squad radio.

COLONEL (V.O)

Copy that.

Three Marines are standing behind Michael. Two are standing in front facing him.

MICHAEL

Johnson, can you defuse it?

JOHNSON (20's) is a young African American man. He is highly trained in defusing bombs.

He is on the right and the other Marine is on the left. They look at the bomb and then at Michael.

JOHNSON

Yes sir. I just need a few minutes.

MICHAEL

We don't have a minute Corporal; we literally have seconds left.

The bomb keeps ticking down, now at 30 seconds.

JOHNSON

I got this.

Johnson is facing the bomb. There are three wires. One red, blue, and yellow. Johnson is overlooking the bomb. Trying to see what wires he needs to cut. He then pulls out a pair of wire cutters from his marine pants side pocket.

He slowly and nervously cuts the red wire. Michael and the other Marines anxiously look on. Michael searches around with his eyes to see if anybody is coming. No one is. So, he focuses back on Johnson.

Johnson cuts the blue wire, and finally he cuts the yellow wire.

The bomb defuses with just one second left to spare. They all let out one big sigh of relief and put their heads down.

A couple hours later, back at the Marine camp in Afghanistan there are many different types of military vehicles.

Such as transport vehicles, light tactical vehicles, marine helicopters, mine resistant ambush vehicles, and armored personnel carriers.

As well as a few military army green large tents to house the Marines. Michael is walking across the camp near his Colonel's tent. Three other Marines are walking near in different directions.

Michael's Colonel walks out from the tent. He looks in Michael's direction.

Michael is about to pass him on by.

COLONEL

Lieutenant Stone.

Michael stops in his tracks, looking up and over at him.

MICHAEL

Yes sir.

COLONEL
Let's have a word.

Michael looks worried and softly nods his head. The Colonel walks back inside his tent. Michael walks and goes inside his Colonel's tent.

A wooden desk with a chair is placed inside the tent.

Also, a military cot with a wool blanket and a fluffed-out pillow lay upon it. The Colonel has pictures of his family on his desk. A few military weapons are up against the walls of the tent. Right next to the Colonel's cot.

The Colonel pulls out his chair from behind his desk. He goes and sits down, looking up at Michael. Michael is standing at attention facing him. The Colonel is sitting up with his forearms lying on his desk.

The Colonel folds his hands together.

COLONEL
Good job today, Stone.

MICHAEL
Thank you, Colonel. But Johnson is the one that defused the bomb. He is the one you should congratulate sir.

COLONEL
Yes, but you lead your team, and you got the job done.

MICHAEL
I lost a few good men today sir. I wouldn't call that an accomplishment.

Michael rests his head down with grief. He places his arms behind his back and folds his hands together.

COLONEL
Don't be too hard on yourself Stone.

Michael raises his head and sentimentally looks at the Colonel.

Michael stands at attention again.

COLONEL

Yes, we have loss some extraordinary men today. As devastating as it is. Lieutenant, don't forget because of your sacrifice, will, and determination. A lot more lives were saved than those of the ones that we lost. Now that to me is an accomplishment.

Michael nods his head in understanding. While still being upset about his men that were killed.

COLONEL

I hear you are taking leave tomorrow. Is that correct?

MICHAEL

Sir yes sir.

COLONEL

I wish you safe travels. Enjoy time with your family. Say hello to your wife and son for me. I will see you when you get back.

Michael nods his head at the Colonel, and he salutes.

MICHAEL

I will, thank you sir.

Michael turns into an about face and walks out of his Colonel's tent. The Colonel leans back in his chair.

INT./EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE/COMMUNICATION - DAY

Inside Michael's home that he shares with his wife and son. His wife SARA is in their bedroom folding and putting laundry away.

There is a large king-size bed with an oak wood canopy. A beautiful burgundy comforter covers the bed.

At the foot of the bed is a dark cherry wood shoe chest. On the right side of the bed is a tall five-drawer wooden dresser.

A family photo in a 4x6 picture sits on top of the dresser. 4 feet in front of the bed is a smaller three-drawer wooden dresser.

On the left side of the room is a medium-size window with yellow and red plaid curtains.

Sara (30) has shoulder length straight blonde hair. With ocean blue eyes and dimples. She stands 5 feet and 4 inches tall. Her body is slender, but athletic in strength. Sara has her hair in a messy bun.

She is wearing a Turkish rose color crop top with two buttons at the top. While wearing dark blue skinny jeans.

She is standing on the left side of her bed. When their 7-year-old son TYLER walks in.

Tyler is 4 feet and 6 inches tall. He has short blonde hair with deep blue eyes resembling his father. He is wearing his black and blue soccer uniform. With high knee white socks.

TYLER

Mom, I can't find my cleats.

Sara glances over at him. She reaches and grabs the folded pile of clothes on the bed. She turns and looks over at Tyler.

SARA

Have you checked the hall closet?

TYLER

No, but I will go look.

Tyler turns around and walks out of his parents' bedroom. Sara walks over to the smaller dresser across from their bed. She crouches down and opens the top drawer. She puts a layer of clothes inside.

She closes the top drawer and then she opens the second drawer.

Placing another layer of clothes in. Sara shuts the second drawer and with the last bit of clothes she has left. She opens the bottom drawer.

Sara puts the remainder of the clothes away. She closes the last drawer.

Her phone begins to ring from inside her front jeans pocket. Sara stands up and takes her cell phone out. She looks at the caller ID.

The ID read +93-555-7650

Sara swipes up and answers her phone. She places the phone up to her left ear.

INTERCUT SARA/MICHAEL/TYLER

SARA

Hey babe.

Now you see Tyler opening the hall closet door. He looks inside and he sees his soccer cleats. He looks out down the hall. While he is holding on to the doorknob.

TYLER

I found them!

Tyler yells. He then looks back inside the closet. He reaches in and grabs his cleats.

Michael is speaking on a cordless military phone in Afghanistan.

It is around 1:30 am in Iraq. He is outside facing one of their military transport vehicles. A couple of Marines pass him by.

MICHAEL

It's so good to hear your voice.
I can't stop thinking about you and
Ty. It's been too long.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I cannot wait to come home
tomorrow.

Michael gazes down at his boots. He gently kicks around the dirt and gravel.

Sara walks over to the bed and sits down.

SARA

We miss you.

Sara sighs, longing for Michael.

SARA (CONT'D)

It feels like forever since I saw
your face. Missing you is easy, but
being away from you is not.

She spoke with sadness and loneliness in her voice.

MICHAEL

I know baby, just one more day.

Tyler walks back into his parents' room to show his mom he found his cleats. He holds his cleats out in front of him.

Sara looks over at him and smiles. She gives him the thumbs up.

Tyler walks out of the room. Sara gets up from the bed.

SARA
Tyler is excited. He hasn't stop
talking about it all week.

MICHAEL
How is he?

SARA
He's good. Right now, he is getting
ready for his game tonight.

MICHAEL
Can I talk to him? I want to wish
him good luck before you guys' head
out.

Michael is slowly walking near the military transport
vehicle.

SARA
Sure.

Sara takes the phone down from her ear. While she holds it
in her left hand.

SARA (CONT'D)
(Loudly shouts)
Tyler!

Sara shouts. Tyler comes running into their room now wearing
his soccer cleats.

TYLER
Yes mama.

SARA
Your dad is on the phone.

She hands her phone to Tyler. Tyler gasps with excitement,
smiling uncontrollably. He put the phone up to his right
ear.

TYLER
Dad!

Tyler yells into the phone excitedly.

Michael is standing and looking up at the night sky. He has
his hand resting on his right hip.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL
Hey, buddy how have you been?

Michael looks forward in front of himself.

TYLER
I kicked my first goal last
Saturday.

MICHAEL
That's amazing dude.

Tyler is facing his mom as she is smiling at him.

TYLER
I wish you could have been there to
see it.

Tyler went from excitement to feeling discouraged. He was
really missing his dad.

MICHAEL
Me too buddy. I won't miss your
next one, I promise.

Tyler looks up at his mom and smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D) (V.O.)
Hey, Ty I'm sorry. I am going to
have to cut this short.

Tyler looks back down listening to his dad.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You got to get to your game, and my
time is about to run out on this
phone. Take care of your mom for
me, okay, I love you. And good luck
tonight. See you soon.

TYLER
I will. Love you too. See you.

Tyler has sadness in his eyes. He hands the phone back to
his mom. Sara grabs the phone and places it back up to her
left ear.

She slightly smiles at Tyler.

Tyler turns and walks out of his parents' bedroom with his
head lightly bobbing down.

SARA

Hey.

MICHAEL

I'll let you go so you can get Ty
to his game. I love you.

SARA

I love you too.

Sara gracefully smiles.

MICHAEL

Love you more.

Michael softly smiles. Sara admirably smiles back. She hung up the phone. Michael pushes down the antenna on the military phone. He hangs up. Michael walks towards his military tent and goes inside.

END INTERCUT

EXT./INT. SNATCHED - NIGHT

Sara and Tyler walk out the front door of their house. Sara closes and quickly locks the door. Tyler walks ahead of her carrying his soccer duffle bag.

The front of their home is painted sky blue. A large white door with a medium size oval shaped window peering through.

A small rock garden and elegant roses sit below on the left side of the door. They have a large driveway with a two-car garage.

A white mailbox stands out in front near the driveway paved in grass.

Sara's white Land Rover Defender is parked in their driveway.

Across the street from their home is a black Honda Civic. Hector is in the driver's seat wearing black shaded sunglasses. Javi is in the passenger seat sitting next to him. Hector and Javi are closely watching them.

Tyler opens the back door on the driver's side. He hops in the Land Rover Defender and slams the door shut. Sara opens the driver's side door and proceeds to get in her vehicle.

She closes the door and turns the key to start the vehicle's engine.

She reverses out of her driveway and turns to the right driving down the street. Hector and Javi creepingly stare as they drive off.

HECTOR
Are you sure that was them?

JAVI
Positive.

Javi looks over at him and Hector glances back.

HECTOR
Come on.

Hector looks straight ahead. Then he looks to his left. He opens the car door. The door creaks loudly as it was rusty. Javi looks forward and opens the door.

He gets out of the car, and they both shut the vehicle's doors at the same time.

The doors were screeching.

They began to walk up to Michael's premises. They head up the driveway towards the front door. Hector stops as they both approach the door. Javi is standing behind him.

Hector goes to open the door, but it is locked. He looks down and notices the small rock garden.

He bent over and grabs a rock. Hector stands back up and smashes it through the medium size oval window on the door.

The glass shatters and scatters through the living room. Hector reaches in and unlocks the door. The lock clicks as it twists.

He takes his arm out of the window and then he gradually opens the door. Hector and Javi enter the home. Javi closes the door behind them. Hector is standing and observing everything in the living room.

Javi is a few feet behind him.

Hector takes off his sunglasses and throws them on the couch nearby.

In the living room there is a navy-blue couch right in the center of the room. A circular rug lays beneath the couch surrounding the outside.

A small white wooden side table is placed on the right side of the couch.

A white porcelain table lamp sits on top of the side table with a 4x6 family portrait in a frame. The walls are painted sky blue with white trim.

Wedding photos, photos of Tyler, and family photos hang from the large wall on the left side of the couch.

The floors are hardwood made of smooth maple. A navy-blue throw rug laid throughout the center of the hallway.

HECTOR

Wow Michael, you sure have out done yourself.

Hector snickers and spoke with sarcasm.

While he takes a few steps around. Hector notices the family portrait on the small side table. He goes and picks it up. Hector becomes enraged as he focuses on Michael in the photograph.

His eyes darken from the shadows of the night. Fueled by anger, Hector glares at Sara and Tyler in the picture. The longer he stares the more violent he felt.

Hector launches the photo frame towards the left side of the wall. The frame crashes and shatters into pieces. Hector yells with aggression. Javi horrifically watches him in disbelief.

HECTOR

(Loudly)

He is out here living it up! While
I wasted my life in prison!

With anger in his voice. Hector turns around and faces Javi.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Go cut the power. I'm going to look
around.

Javi turns and goes out the front door. Hector makes his way down the hall. He stops and pauses at Tyler's room. He slowly steps inside. Tyler forgot to turn the light off in his bedroom.

In the center of Tyler's room is a twin size brown wooden bed. Covered with a dark blue comforter set and two royal blue pillows.

With another pillow shaped like a soccer ball. Above his bed is a shelf with three soccer championship trophies. On the far-left side of his room is a medium size rectangle window.

With dark blue curtains that have soccer balls stitched to them.

A small brown wooden side table is on the left side of his bed. Baseball cards are scattered all over it.

His walls are navy-blue with white trim. He has a few different soccer posters stamped to his walls.

Outside Javi has a pair of wire cutters with the electricity box wide open. He cuts the wires and the electricity powers off.

Back inside the house in Tyler's room. Hector looks up as the lights go out. He jokingly smiles. Hector turns around and walks out of Tyler's room. Javi walks back in through the front door.

He gently shuts the door. Hector is standing at Tyler's doorway.

He is looking down the hall towards Javi. Javi stares back at him.

JAVI
You find anything?

HECTOR
No. There's nothing here worth
keeping.

Hector turns to continue down the hall. Javi follows him as he makes his way into Michael's and Sara's room. Hector walks in and observes with his eyes. Javi does the same. Hector's back is facing Javi.

Javi is standing behind Hector.

Hector goes over to Sara's and Michael's dresser on the left side of the bed. He opens the top drawer and moves the clothes all around. As if he was searching for something.

The waves of sounds from a vehicle pulling up in the driveway.

Headlights shine through the bedroom window. Hector stops what he was doing as soon as he hears the car. Hector looks over at the bedroom window as the car's engine shuts off.

Sara is now standing at the front door searching for keys in her purse. Tyler is right behind her. Tyler becomes alarm when he looks up and notices the broken window on the door.

TYLER

Um, mom.

Tyler nervously says. Sara stops rummaging through her purse as she looks back at Tyler.

SARA

What?

Sara was feeling a little annoyed that she couldn't find her keys. Tyler slowly points out the broken window on the door.

Sara looks back and glances up at the door. She suddenly became frantic and concerned.

SARA (CONT'D)

Tyler sweetie.

She begins to slowly back away from the door. Tyler grabs and holds her hand and backs up with her.

SARA (CONT'D)

Why don't you get back in the car
why I go check it out.

Sara anxiously says. Terrified, Tyler looks up at her.

TYLER

Mom, I'm scared.

Sara lets go of his hand. She faces him and gets down to his level on one knee.

SARA

It's okay. Some neighborhood kid
probably threw a ball and
accidentally broke our window. I'm
just going to go in and check it
out to be safe, alright.

Tyler nods his head.

SARA (CONT'D)

Now go wait in the car, till I come
and get you.

She stands back up and rubs the top of his head. Tyler turns around and heads back to the car. He opens the driver's side door and climbs inside.

He shuts the door and locks himself in. Sara walks to the back of her vehicle and pops open the trunk. Sara puts her purse inside and takes out a baseball bat. She slams her trunk shut.

She walks with a slow and steady stride.

Sara cautiously walks up to her front door.

Feeling frightened, Tyler anxiously watches her open the door. The glass is scrapping along the floor as she pushes the door open. She walks in while holding the bat in an up-right position.

She was preparing to swing if need be. Sara looks down stepping over the broken glass. She leaves the front door open. She looks up at the light switch next to the door.

She then flips the switch up and down. No power surfaced throughout the home.

Right then she knew somebody was lurking inside. Her heart began to race as her blood was pulsating through her veins. She slowly continues down the hall.

SARA

Hello.

Her voice was shaking as it echoes through the walls. It is dark and quiet in the house. Sara became more anxiously scared with every dreadful moment.

SARA (CONT'D)

Is there anyone here?

Sara stops as she suddenly hears a noise.

She gasps in terror.

Javi rushes up behind her and grabs her by the waist. She swiftly twists her body around and swings the bat. She bashes him on the side of his face.

JAVI

Argh...!

Javi grunts and yells in pain. His nose was broken with blood streaming down his lips. Javi leans down grasping his nose.

Hector runs up behind her and wraps his arms around her chest. She is squirming and kicking her legs to get free.

Javi leans back up and punches her forcefully in the face.

JAVI (CONT'D)

(Angrily shouted.)

You bitch!

Sara's head bounces back with a surge of whip lash. Her face began to swell and change color. Javi glares down at the bat that she was holding.

JAVI (CONT'D)
Give me that.

Javi angrily rips the bat out of her hand. Suddenly Tyler walks through the front door.

TYLER
Mom, is everything okay?

Sara fearfully stares at Tyler. Hector is still holding her tightly. Javi and Hector look in Tyler's direction. Javi grins and Hector smirks vengefully.

SARA
(Shouting)
Tyler, run!

Tyler quickly turns around and hurries out the door.

HECTOR
(As loud as can be)
Go get him!

Javi looks at Hector and then he runs out the door after Tyler.

Sara headbutts Hector with the back of her head. Hector grunts from the hard triggering hit. His nose succumbed to numbness with the leakage of blood.

He releases Sara. She quickly races out the door to get to Tyler.

TYLER
Mom.

Fear flooded Tyler's face while Javi stands there holding a gun to his head. The baseball bat is lying on the ground next to Javi's feet. Sara stops and frantically looks at Tyler.

She has never felt so threatened or terrified in her entire life.

Her walls were closing in and the pressure was weighing heavy on her lungs. She was struggling to breathe as she began to panic.

She glances up at Javi. Hector vastly approaches behind her.

SARA
Okay, please let my son go.
And I will give you whatever you
want.

Sara spoke calmly with terror in her eyes. She lifts her hands up in the air.

JAVI
You, we want you. And your kid.

Sara looks confused.

JAVI (CONT'D)
Revenged baby!

Javi chuckles and smirks.

SARA
What?

Sara is still trying to understand the situation.

HECTOR
Your husband will be forever in my
debt.

Sara glances back at Hector as she puts her hands to her sides.

SARA
What are you talking about?

Sara assertively asks.

HECTOR
You are going to come with us,
without a fight. Or my friend over
there will splatter your son's
brains all over the driveway.

Sara was scared to death as she glances back at Javi.

SARA
Okay, just please don't hurt him.

She raises her hands back up. Hector takes out his gun and presses it in the middle of her back. Her eyes submerge in tears.

She lost all control, fearing for Tyler's life.

HECTOR
Move!

Hector spoke violently with rage. Sara follows his commands and walks down the driveway. Hector escorts her towards his black Honda Civic.

Hector continues aiming his gun at her back. Javi points his gun down to the ground.

He grabs Tyler by the collar of his shirt and drags him to Hector's car.

Now across the street facing Hector's car. Hector opens the back door and forcefully shoves Sara inside. Javi comes up beside Hector and he quickly pushes Tyler in after.

Hector slams the door shut. Sara grabs Tyler and pulls him in close to her chest. Hector gets in the driver's seat and Javi gets in the front passenger's seat.

TYLER

Mom, I don't like this. Where are they taking us?

Tyler whimpers and begins to cry. Sara hugs him tightly.

SARA

I don't know baby, but we will be okay. We will get through this.

Unknowing the outcome. Sara holds Tyler's head as she kisses him on the forehead. Hector starts the car, and they speed off down the street.

EXT./INT. MILITARY BASE CAMP - DAY

Back in Afghanistan, at Michael's military base camp. Michael is wearing his Marine uniform while walking and carrying his military army green duffle bag. The wind is picking up spinning dust and dirt around.

A military jeep with an open back is waiting to take Michael to the airport. An older man wearing his Marine attire is driving the jeep. Seven Marines, men and women are set outside to say their goodbyes.

Michael walks around the jeep and throws his duffle bag in the backseat. He opens the front passenger side door.

Michael hops in and shuts the door. The seven Marines salute.

MALE MARINE 2

See you later Lieutenant Stone.

FEMALE MARINE
Farewell sir.

Michael glances over with a side smile. He salutes with two of his fingers. The older Marine turns the key, and the engine starts to rumble thunderously.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT - DAY

Back in Chicago, Michael is standing at baggage claim to pick up his luggage. He is wearing an army green T-shirt that has the Marine emblem on it. While wearing black cargo pants and boots.

The baggage carousel rotates around.

Michael sees his duffle bag and he swipes it up. He tosses it over his left shoulder. He takes out his cell phone from his front pants pocket. He dials Sara, to see if she has made it to the airport to pick him up.

There is no answer. It rings twice and then goes straight to voicemail.

SARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
Hey, this is Sara, you know what to do.

The recording ends with a beep. Michael takes his phone down from his ear and stares at his phone.

MICHAEL
That's weird.

With concern in his voice, Michael felt like something was wrong. He knew Sara always answers her phone. So, he calls her one last time. Still no answer. Michael shakes his head feeling anxiously worried.

He wants nothing more than to hurry and get home. He puts his phone back inside his pocket.

Several people are walking around and throughout the airport.

EXT./INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside Michael's house an Uber in a silver Toyota Camry pulls up in front. Michael is sitting in the back seat. He opens the door and gets out. He has his duffle bag strapped over his left shoulder.

He shuts the car door and the Uber drives away.

He notices Sara's Land Rover is still parked in the driveway.

Michael steadily moves closer to the front door. While checking his surroundings in every direction. He sees the baseball bat lying on the ground next to the garage.

Unsettling he feels as he begins to stress with emptiness in his chest. Starring up at the smashed-out window on the front door. The door remains slightly open. Suddenly Michael drops his duffle bag and lets it fall to the porch.

Michael quickly takes out his Sig Sauer M17 pistol from his waist gun holster underneath his shirt. He steps up to the door while pointing his pistol up. Michael slowly pushes the door the rest of the way open.

The sounds of scrapping glass screeching along the hardwood floor. Michael takes a tactical approach and aims his gun inside. Moving quickly, but cautiously through the house.

He aims his gun in every room. Thoroughly searching through and through. But Sara and Tyler were nowhere to be found. It is very still and quiet inside. The only noise to hear was the swaying rhythm of cars passing nearby.

He places his gun down to his side. Michael walks into the kitchen shouting their names.

MICHAEL
Sara, Tyler!

Michael was feeling anxious. He knew in his heart that something terrible has happened.

Inside the kitchen is a long white island counter. On top of the island counter lays a landline home phone. The walls are painted sky blue with a painting of fruit hanging from the wall on the left side.

Next to the painting is a wooden key rack stapled to the wall.

Keys are looped around it. White wood painted cabinets are lined up against the wall. In the center is a white double door refrigerator.

The kitchen sink is on the right side of the fridge. Above the sink hangs a digital clock. On the left side of the fridge is a white stove. White tiles surround the kitchen floor.

MICHAEL
Ty!

Michael continues to shout. Even though he knew they wouldn't answer.

Then spontaneously the house phone starts to ring.

Startling Michael, as he looks over at the phone. He slowly picks the phone up and answers it.

INTERCUT MICHAEL/HECTOR/SARA

MICHAEL

Hello.

Sounding nervous. Michael hears another man's voice on the other end of the call.

HECTOR (V.O.)

(Sounding mysterious)

Hello Michael.

A familiar voice, Michael knew all too well. Tension burying within his eyes. While anger washes over his face.

Right then he knew, Hector had snatched his wife and son.

MICHAEL

Hector.

He spoke in a deeply aggression tone.

HECTOR (V.O.)

Fifteen years of my life wasted.
Years I could never get back.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Fifteen years I spent locked up,
caged like an animal. For 5,475
consecutive days I spent plotting
my revenge against you. I had
nothing but time.

Hector snarls in anger. Michael only grew more irritable by the second.

MICHAEL

Where's my wife and son, Hector?

Hector is inside an abandoned warehouse. In a large open space lies two maroon mats side by side. Sara and Tyler are sitting on top of the mats with their hands tied behind their backs.

They both have black bandannas tied around their mouths.
Two African American men are standing right behind them.
They are armed and carrying M60 machine guns.
Tears were rolling down Sara's cheeks.
Tyler is whimpering in terror.

HECTOR
(His voice gets louder)
15 years Mike! I served 15 years
because of you!

It was like adding gasoline to a fire. Hector was a ticking time bomb full of violence and rage. Hector ambles his way over towards Sara and Tyler.

MICHAEL
That was not my fault. Don't blame
me for your conviction!

Michael ignites with frustration.

HECTOR
You were there. You decided to run
away like a coward! While you let
Marcos, and I take the fall! Now
whatever happens to your family,
that's up to you.

His nostrils flare as he snickers.

MICHAEL
Where are they?

Michael demands to know. Hector crouches down next to Sara and pulls down the bandanna from her mouth.

HECTOR
Say hi, beautiful.

Hector put the phone up near her mouth.

SARA
Michael.

Sara softly spoke with sadness in her voice. Hector takes the phone back and he puts the bandanna back in her mouth.

HECTOR
Your wife is gorgeous.

Hector gently rubs the side of her cheek. She turns her head away from him. Hector smirks.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I might have some fun with her.

Hector grins and stands back up.

MICHAEL
(As loud as can be)
Don't you fuckin touch her!

Fueling in anger.

HECTOR
You have 24 hours to find your
family, Michael. Come this time
tomorrow, they die.

Michael looks up at the clock on the wall. It's reads 12:00 pm.

He looks back down and becomes more anxious.

MICHAEL
(Loudly)
Listen here you son of bitch!
This is between me and you.
They have nothing to do with this!
Let them go Hector, I am warning
you!

Feeling furious. Michael speaks with rage and aggression in his voice.

Hector has his back facing Sara and Tyler. Sara was whimpering in fear. Tyler is traumatized.

HECTOR
24 hours Mike, that's all I'm
giving you. 24 hours or your family
dies.

He spoke in a stern and assertive voice. Sara glances up at Hector horrified. Hector hangs up the phone. He sighs with madness in his eyes. He puts the phone down to his side.

MICHAEL
(As loud as can be)
Hector!

The phone clicks.

END INTERCUT

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hector!

The phone cues a flat line busy signal. Michael yells with a loud roar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(As loud as can be)

FUCK!

Michael slams the phone down. Fuming and feeling hot headed.

Michael puts both of his hands behind his head. Looking deeply concerned. With each breath he took, the deeper his heart drowned. His mind was racing, not being able to stop the clock.

Michael had to think fast and put his military tracking skills to good use. He slowly turns around and lays his hands down to his sides.

He looks to his right down the hall towards the front door. He marches rather quickly and heads outside.

Michael stops and is now standing outside the doorway.

Observing his surroundings with his eyes. He looks over to his left and sees the bat. He walks over and picks it up. While holding the bat in his hands. Michael looks it over.

"FLASHBACK"

Javi is holding a gun to Tyler's head with the bat lying on the ground.

"END FLASHBACK"

Michael then looks up at his wife's vehicle. He turns his head to the right and drops the bat. He strides down the driveway, looking to his left down the street.

Then he looks over to his right. Michael notices a fresh oil stain on the road across the way. It couldn't be more than a few hours old.

He walks over and crouches down. Michael takes two fingers and presses them on top of the oil.

He rubs his fingers together as some of the oil was still partially wet.

"FALSHBACK"

Hector and Javi are forcing Sara and Tyler into the car.

"END FLASHBACK"

Michael slowly stands up and he looks to his left. Squinting his eyes and staring down the street.

"FLASHBACK"

Hector is speeding down the block.

"END FLASHBACK"

Taking five steps forward and examining the road. Michael looks back to his house.

He runs up the driveway and back inside. He charges into the kitchen and grabs his set of keys hanging from the rack.

Michael hurries out of the kitchen. He glides over to the door that leads to his garage. He opens the door and rushes in.

An H1 Hummer is parked inside.

Inside the garage on the far-right wall is a tool organizer rack. Right in the center, up against the wall is a large old metal rusty two door locked cabinet. On the right of the cabinet sits a large black duffle bag.

Michael quickly walks around his Hummer and over to the locked cabinet. Michael uses one of his keys and unlocks it. He opens the doors. Awaiting inside were dozens of military weapons and hoisters to carry.

Enough to start a war.

20 M34 white phosphorus smoke grenades, 10 M67 fragmentary grenades, one grenade launcher, one rocket launcher, two Sig P320 military pistols, one Caliber pistol, one Sig Sauer P320-M17, SIG SAUER MPX, M4A1, HK416, M26 MASS,

12-guage M550 shot gun, M249 light machine gun, M240 general purpose medium machine gun, M2A1 heavy machine gun, and a KA-BAR fighting knife.

Michael takes and straps his knife holster around his right thigh. Grabbing his KA-BAR fighting knife and places it inside.

Then he does the same with his gun holster, but on his left leg.

He glances to his right and grabs the duffle bag.

He looks back inside the cabinet and unzips the bag. Taking 10 out of 20 smoke grenades and tossing them in. He grabs two different cases of bullets and chucks them in the bag.

Michael then takes his P320-M17 and puts it in his gun holster on the left side of his pants. He grabs 8 frag grenades, taking them one by one.

He grabs his grenade launcher with the sling and throws it over his right shoulder. Lastly, he grabs his M550 shotgun and M2A1 heavy machine gun. He quickly puts them all inside his bag.

He zippers it up and swiftly walks over to the back of his H1 Hummer. Michael opens and unlatches the trunk.

In the trunk lies a military bullet proof vest.

He throws his duffle bag inside and closes the trunk. Michael hurries and runs around to the driver's door. He pops the door open and jumps in.

He slams the door shut and presses the button at the top of the Hummer's roof. The door to the garage automatically opens.

Michael starts the loud rumbling engine of his H1 Hummer.

Looking back, he throws his Hummer in reverse.

He peels out of the garage next to Sara's Land Rover. Reversing down the driveway as he turns to the left. Tires screeching at high rating speed as he takes off down the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE/EMPTY ROOM - MID-DAY

At the abandoned warehouse, Hector has Sara by her arm pulling and dragging her down an empty hall. Her hands are in front tied together with the bandanna still tied and wrapped around her mouth.

The walls surrounding them are made of metal.

Marcos is back and ready for revenge. He is much older and scarier than before. He is armed and carrying an AK47. He is walking behind Tyler, Hector, and Sara. Tyler is in front of him with his gag rag hanging around his neck.

Tyler's hands are tied together in the front.

An increasingly large rusty red steel door is all the way down the hall on the left side. A 12' metal security bolt locks the door from the inside.

Behind the steel door is a dark and empty room. No windows and no light. The floor is hard and bare.

Hector walks up to the door with Sara in tow. He unlatches the security lock and opens the door.

The opening of the door loudly echoes throughout the warehouse.

Creaking as if strips of metal were clanking together.

Annoyingly locking eyes with Sara, Hector unties her arms. Sara glares at him with mixed emotions.

Hector violently shoves Sara inside. Sara stumbles and almost lost her balance. She looks back at him with anger. Then Hector grabs Tyler from Marcos and unties his arms too. He pushes Tyler in with force and he crashes to the floor.

Tyler is lying in the fetal position on the floor. Sara was standing there in fear. She glances down at Tyler in sadness.

Feeling electrified with different sensations. She glares over at Hector and Marcos.

Sara rips the bandanna from her mouth and throws it to the floor.

SARA

Why are you doing this?

Please just let my son go.

Sara pleads as she begins to cry. Hector smirks. He closes the large steel door. Loud volumes of rusty screeching and creaking sent waves of vibrations on all sides of the room.

SARA (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no.

Sara scrambles for the door, she is too late. Hector grins as he pulls the door close. Sara bangs on the door twice with her fist.

The hammering noise of the door locking them in.

Now you see Hector. He turns and looks at Marcos after he latches the lock on the door.

HECTOR

Make sure Mike never makes it.

Hector spoke in an angry soft mellow tone. With a blank stare, Marcos nods his head.

Then he turns and heads back down the hall. Hector intensely watches him as he goes and turns the corner.

Now you see Sara and Tyler in the empty room. Tyler sits up with his knees bent and pulling them to his chest. He wraps his arms around his knees and folds his hands. Tyler sighs in despair, he is weakened by fear.

Sara walks over to him and gets down on her knees next to him.

She wraps her arms around him and holds him tight. Trying to comfort Tyler. She lays her head on top of his.

A tear fell from her left eye. She immediately felt overwhelmed.

She was beginning to lose all hope. Feeling stuck with no way out. Everything was out of her control. Sara knew time wasn't on their side.

EXT. FACTORY/NO TIME FOR GAMES - DAY

Michael races up in his Hummer towards an old factory. It is large and white with an 8-foot wired fence. He hit the brakes, and the Hummer lunges forward.

He turns the key and shuts the engine off. He takes the keys out of the ignition. He hops out and closes the door.

Placing his keys in his front pants pocket. Michael walks up to the gate.

There is an iron chain wrapping around the gate with a lock.

Michael takes two steps back and draws out his Sig Sauer P320-M17 from his holster.

He aims, and fires two shots at the lock. The lock loudly burst, and Michael pushes the gate open. He marches in with heavy feet.

Fully focusing and walking with a purpose.

A concrete ramp leads up to the building. Two men walk out the front through the double doors. Heading down the ramp they look over to their left and see Michael charging towards them.

MAN 1
What the hell?

Stopping in their tracks looking confused.

MAN 2

Hey man, you need to get up out of here. This isn't no place for strays.

He flares his arms out like a raven. Then Michael suddenly stops 10 feet away from them. As he puts his arms back down to his sides.

MICHAEL

I'm here to see Lalo.

MAN 2

Lalo's not seeing any visitors.

Feeling threatened they both pull out their 8MM handguns from inside their belt loops. Man 1 aims his gun at Michael. While Man 2 crosses both of his hands, pointing his gun towards the ground. Michael glares at them both.

MICHAEL

From where I am standing. You have got two options. Option one, you can move and let me through. Or option two, I can make you.

Man 2 leans back and crosses his arms with his pistol in his left hand. Both men glance at each other and then they look back at Michael. Man 2 chuckles.

MAN 2

We will take option two.

MICHAEL

Wrong choice.

Man 2 smirks and aims his gun at Michael. Before he could pull the trigger back. Michael quickly grabs the gun from his hands. Michael is aiming Man 2's pistol back at him.

Man 2 raises his hands and takes a few steps backwards.

Man 1 fires a round of ammunition in Michael's direction.

Michael rolls into a backflip and comes up on one knee. He repeatedly shoots him in the chest killing him instantly.

Man 2 glances over at Man 1 lying on the ground.

Then he looks back at Michael in disbelief.

Inside the old factory there are 10 rolls of long white tables all lining up.

5 on each side with ounces upon ounces of cocaine spread out. Blocks of cocaine tightly wrapped and stacked in piles.

Several men surround these tables packaging the cocaine preparing to sell. LALO is sitting in the far back all the way in the middle. He is sitting behind a smaller white table with a wooden chair.

LALO (40's) is a Latino male with short black hair and a 70's stash. He is not very tall and only stands about 5 feet and 6 inches in height. He is wearing a white suit.

Two armed men with Semi-Automatic machine guns stand behind him. One man on each side. Every man in the building looks over to the doors as they hear the crackling of the gun fire.

The men packaging the drugs frightenedly froze as they are observing with their eyes.

LALO
Well don't just stand there!
Go check it out.

Lalo demands. He signals with his hands for them to go. All the men that were packaging the drugs look fiercely at him.

Five men rush over towards the wall where all sorts of weapons were being held.

Two men take AK 47's and three men grab Sub automatic machine guns.

Michael walks up to the front door as he is still aiming the 8MM pistol at Man 2. Michael is facing him.

The first out of the five men walk out of the building, aiming his gun at Michael. With a loud bang, Michael quickly shoots and kills him. Shooting him twice in the chest and once in the leg.

He grunts as he went down dropping his weapon.

Following by four other men charging out with guns blazing.

Very quickly Michael side rolls to his left and he comes up on one knee. Rapidly firing back multiple times and killing all four men. Their bodies jar as the piercing bullets struck their bodies.

Sounding like they were being electrocuted.

Man 2 hurries over and picks up Man 1's gun from the ground. He aims it up at Michael.

Angrily, Michael glares over at him.

Without hesitation, Michael forcibly pulls the trigger and shoots him in the head. Instantly killing him. His eyes went blank as he crashes to the ground.

MICHAEL

Should of went with option one.

Michael throws the 8ML handgun to the ground. He stares back at the doors as he makes his way towards them. Stepping over the bodies of the men he killed.

He takes out his P320-M17 and proceeds inside with caution. Striding and lowering his crosshair.

The 10 men that surround the tables filled with cocaine draw out their weapons. The clicking of their guns all intertwine, rhyming throughout the building.

LALO (V.O.)

Hold your fire.

Lalo's voice could be heard from behind the men. The men look off to their left and lower their weapons. They step back, splitting down the middle.

Lalo walks in between them with two armed men following behind him.

Michael is standing still circling the room with his eyes. While aiming his P320-M17.

LALO

Mike, long time no see brother.

Stretching his arms out to the sides. Speaking in a humorous and arrogant manner. Lalo places his arms back down. He stops in the center with his men surrounding him.

MICHAEL

Where's Hector Lalo?

Feeling annoyingly frustrated.

LALO

Hector? He doesn't work for me anymore. He hasn't for a long time now.

MICHAEL

Where can I find him?

Michael snarls.

LALO

Not here. Maybe try Afghanistan,
I heard it's nice this time of the
year.

Lalo spoke sarcastically. As the tension begins to rise,
strongly taking over Michael's face. The air felt weak and
heavy.

MICHAEL

I don't have time for your games
Lalo!

The anger in his voice only grew.

MICHAEL

Hector has my family!

Infuriated, Michael was ready to snap.

LALO

Then they are already dead.

Selfishly speaking. Nothing ever mattered to Lalo, except
for his drugs and himself.

A fuse was lit inside of Michael. He whips out his KA-BAR
combat fighting knife from his holster.

Forcibly throwing it and striking one of the men on the
right behind Lalo.

Lalo slightly moves to the side, glancing back at the man.
The knife struck him in his heart. Killing him instantly as
he fell to the floor.

Lalo looks stunned with incredulousness. He stares back at
Michael.

Every man around them aggressively begins cocking their
guns, sending ringing vibrations through the roof.

Michael covers his face with his left arm and immediately
takes out a smoke grenade from his side pants pocket. He
drops it in the center of all the men. Smoke floods the
building making it extremely hard to breathe.

They were choking and coughing from inhaling the smoke. Out
of fear and confusion. The men start to unload their
firearms. The sound of fireworks exploding in the
atmosphere.

Not being able to see, they are missing Michael with every
shot.

Michael fires a round from his P320-M17. Shooting down the line, killing every man except for Lalo.

Lalo stands there in fear as Michael reloads his gun and continues to shoot. Each man gasps and grunts as they are plunging to their deaths.

The smoke starts to clear out. Michael uncovers his face. He charges at Lalo, powerfully pushing him all the way back to his desk. Lalo was panting with anxiety. Michael aims his gun underneath Lalo's chin.

LALO

Look, I don't know where Hector is alright. No one has heard or seen him since he got locked up.

His voice was shaky, feeling nervously terrified. Lalo slightly raises his hands up. Michael was enraged as he cocks his gun back.

Lalo side eyes the gun and then he nervously looks back at Michael.

LALO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, I am not the one dealing the cards here, okay. All I know is that Hector was released from prison. And that he was looking for you. Maybe try his old apartment.

LALO (CONT'D)

Deals are still spinning over there.

Michael pulls his gun back and steps back from Lalo.

Lalo was relieved as he gasps. He gently rubs his chin and throat. Still feeling furious, Michael glares back at Lalo.

MICHAEL

(In a stern voice)

Lalo, you better not be lying.
I will be back if you are.

LALO

I have no reason to lie to you man.

Anxiously speaking. Michael puts his P320-M17 back in its holster and turns around to head out. He stops and looks down at the man he stabbed. Michael bends down and yanks his knife out of him. Lalo watches in disgust.

He stands back up and wipes the blood off from the knife onto his pants. Then he places his knife back inside the holster. Michael continues to walk as he pushes one of the doors open, exiting the building.

INT./EXT. APARTMENTS/PROJECT FIGHT - DAY

Michael is in the South Shore of Chicago. Where he grew up. The area is so dangerous and corrupt. Violence happens almost daily, and drugs are carelessly being sold to children.

Michael is driving at a speed of 25mph coasting through town.

Looking around he shakes his head incredulity. His hometown looks a lot more devastating than he remembers.

Michael glances over at the same convenience store he once attempted to rob with Hector and Marcos.

(Reminiscing)

"FLASHBACK"

Michael, Hector, and Marcos robbing the convenience store.

"END FLASHBACK"

Pulling up to the projects, Michael parks and kills the engine.

The apartments are old and run down. Clothes are being hung out to dry. Four stories of concrete steps with rusty stair rails lead up to the apartments.

A couple of young kids are staring out their three-story windows at Michael as he gets out of his Hummer. Five teenage boys are sitting at a wooden picnic table laid over dead grass. They look at him in an unfamiliar way.

Michael hops out and opens his glove compartment. He reaches in and grabs 9MM NATO bullets and reloads his P320-M17. Michael closes his driver's door, looking towards the apartments. The determination was set within his eyes.

Michael was preparing to fight. He steadily marches to the staircase with his gun in his hand. The teenagers at the picnic table watch as Michael strides by.

Standing in front of the staircase, Michael looks up the first level of the stairs.

Three Men stand there holding Semi-Automatic machine guns. They are blocking the entry way of the second level. Having no fear, Michael storms up the stairs.

MICHAEL

(Sighs)

I am so not in the mood for this.

Michael was feeling a bit annoyed. He stops at the top of the stairs in front of them. The three men look at each other confused. Then they look back at Michael, cocking back their machine guns.

PABLO, (30's) the man in the middle was astonished by Michael's bravery.

Pablo is Hispanic. He is bald with a goatee and stands 5 feet and 9 inches tall. Wearing sunglasses and baggy clothes.

Michael walks up two more steps, pushing by the men. Pablo puts his hand to Michael's chest to stop him.

PABLO

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up man.

Michael stops and glares back at him.

MICHAEL

Trust me, you don't want to do this.

Michael frustratingly chuckles.

The men off to the sides of Pablo were trying to look intimidating.

PABLO

No one gets past Pablo without Pablo's permission.

Pablo speaks in the third person.

Michael steps off the second level steps and sighs. Feeling aggravated, he stares down Pablo.

MICHAEL

Option 1, stand down.

Michael places his P320-M17 in his gun holster and he glares back at Pablo.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Option 2, I will throw you over the stairs.

Michael points over to the staircase railing and he places his hand back down to his side.

Pablo smirks.

With power Michael forcibly pushes Pablo to the edge of the stair rail. Pablo suddenly was overwhelmed by fear.

He grunts by the force of Michael's hands. Quickly putting Pablo in a headlock. With a close right hook, Michael punches him, sending him over the stairs.

Pablo screams in terror.

PABLO

(Loudly)

AHHHH!

The other two men were in shock with Michael's actions.

They began to fire their weapons. Dodging the bullets, Michael strongly punches the man on the left. Striking him in the face, busting his nose open.

He groans from the force of Michael's fist. Michael rips his Sub-Automatic machine gun from his grip. With a hard front kick to the man on the right's lower abdomen.

He grunts hunching over, being forced back.

He was about to unload another round of ammunition on Michael. The man on the right raises his gun up at Michael while he was breathing heavily.

Michael quickly shot him in the chest twice, killing him.

MICHAEL

Why doesn't anyone ever choose option 1?

Michael turns to go up the second flight of stairs. The man on the left glares at him. He pushes off from the stairwell and grabs Michael from behind. Wrapping his arms around Michael's throat.

Fast acting, Michael quickly breaks the hold.

Michael swiftly turns around, spinning the machine gun. Taking the rear of the gun and striking the man on the left. Hitting him twice on each side of his face.

The man on the left grunts as he grabs his already broken nose. Turning black and blue.

Michael spins into a round kick knocking him over the stairwell.

THE MAN ON THE LEFT
(Loudly)
AAAAAH!

He screams as he crashes to the ground. Firing up, Michael turns back around and heads up the second level of stairs. Five men are charging down the hall towards Michael. Two men on the right side and three on the left.

Two are armed with 8MM handguns. The other three are carrying Semi-Automatic machine guns. They start to fire their weapons rapidly.

Michael rushes up the stairs and open fires, shooting and killing the three men on the left.

Michael stands back up and tosses the machine gun to the ground.

Three more men down the hall come racing towards him. Michael is landing left and right hooks to each man. The men stagger on their feet while groaning from the pain.

The men try to fight back, but Michael counter blocks every strike with his fist.

Michael front kicks one of the men in the middle. He grunts as he takes a breath. He fell to the ground and slides to the wall of the apartment building.

Five men come running behind Michael fully loaded with weapons.

Firing rounds of ammunition. The loud popping from the gunfire explodes down the hall.

Michael storms down the hall missing the bullets. He turns around the corner and stops. Taking out his P320-M17 from his holster as he looks out from behind the wall.

MAN 3
(Shouting loudly)
Down here! He went this way!

Michael fires his gun, shooting one man twice in his lower abdomen and once in his left leg. He groans in pain as he tumbles to the floor. Blood was leaking through his clothes from the bullet holes.

Michael steps out from the corner of the wall and pulls out his KA-BAR fighting knife. Powerfully throwing the knife landing and stabbing the man in the far back on the side of his neck.

He scorches in pain while blood was streaming out like a waterfall.

His eyes roll back as he tries reaching for the knife, falling to his death. Michael rolls with the punches full fist. He throws a right hook and then a left to each side of Man 3's face. Forcibly knocking him back a couple of feet.

Man 3 grunts with swollen eyes.

Michael quickly shoots him twice in his chest. Killing him as he struck the ground. Michael gets low and rolls into a front flip. The last two men standing continue to fire their guns.

Michael comes up on one knee, ripping his KA-BAR fighting knife out of the dead man's neck. Michael throws his knife to the right spearing one of the men in the heart.

With rapid speed. Michael jumps up and round kicks the next man as he grabs and pulls his knife out of the other man's chest. After being release from the knife he falls to his death.

Michael quickly twists to the side slitting the last man's throat.

He grunts chocking on his own blood. He holds his throat as blood was pouring out. Immediately gasping for air as he gargles to the very end. Michael stares intensely as the man slowly keeps backing up.

He backs all the way up to the stairwell, losing consciousness and falling over the side railing on the second level.

The teenagers below sitting at the picnic table shockingly look up.

TEENAGER
(As loud as can be)
WHOA!

Feeling scared, the teenagers all stand up and ran away from the apartments.

Michael walks back towards the corner and heads down the hall.

Three doors down, Michael is facing Hector's old apartment.

(Apartment # 213)

Michael raises his right leg and kicks the door in with forceful impact. The siding of the door frame smashes and blew into smithereens bursting in the apartment.

Inside the apartment is three women wearing bikini tops. Two have booty shorts on and one has a high waist skirt.

Two two-seated couches sit next to each other at an angle. Two women are sitting on the first couch closer to the door.

The second couch that is touching the back of the wall sits the third woman with ROLAND sitting next to her.

Roland (30's) is Hispanic. He is bald and wearing sunglasses. He is thin and only 5 feet and 8 inches in height.

Next to Roland on the left side of the couch is an inn table with a small lamp on top. The windows are being covered up by wool blankets making the apartment dark and shaded. The only light looming through is from the busted open door.

A coffee table is placed in front of Roland as he is playing and shuffling cards. A lit cigarette hangs from his mouth. One ashtray sits on the table with three half drinking beers spaced out like a triangle.

Roland stops playing with the cards and glances up at Michael. The three women were frightened. They jump and scream in terror. When Michael broke through.

Roland sighs and rolls his eyes.

Not fearing Michael, Roland slightly shakes his head, looking back down. He continues to play with his cards.

MICHAEL

Is Hector here?

Michael speaks aggressively.

ROLAND

Hector doesn't live here no more homie.

Sitting with composure and as calm and mellow as can be. Roland takes the cigarette out of his mouth and blows out smoke. He looks back down shuffling through the cards.

The women are trembling with fear, feeling nervous.

MICHAEL

Then pinpoint me his location.

Michael lifts and raises his P320-M17 and aims it at Roland.

Roland looks up and glares at Michael. Taking one last puff from his cigarette and putting it out in the ashtray.

ROLAND

You think that you can bust in here
and threaten me. Threaten my women.
And that I would give him up, just
like that.

Using hand gestures, Roland felt aggravated. The terrified women look over at Roland and then at Michael.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You owe me a new door bro.

Roland side eyes and points to the broken-down door. Michael ignores his suggestion. His body was stiff, full of tension glaring down at Roland.

MICHAEL

Roland, he has my family.

ROLAND

(Voice gets louder)

You think I give a damn about your
family Mike. After what you did!

Annoyed by anger. Roland picks up his cards and shuffles through the deck.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Not my problem cuz.

Roland shakes his head side to side. The women nervously look over at Roland and then at Michael.

Michael's face fills up with anger. He looks over at the lamp on the inn table and aims his gun. He pulls back the trigger and fires.

With a loud pop the lamp shatters into pieces. Roland remains calm looking over at the lamp.

The women shake and scream covering their faces. Roland glares over at Michael.

He stands up and takes out his pistol from inside his pants.

Having quick reflexes, Michael shoots him three times in the chest. Roland lets go of his gun. As the bullets impelled his body, he twitches.

Roland is killed as he fell back on the couch.

The woman that is sitting next to Roland looks over at him. She screeches while covering her mouth. The other two women stare up at Michael huddling together. The three women were horrified at what just took place.

They were panicking and shaking with fear.

Michael places his gun down to his side. He glances over at them. With kindness and compassion.

MICHAEL
Sorry ladies.

The women were sobbing and fearfully staring at him. Michael turns around and walks out of Roland's apartment. He steps and walks over the bodies of the men lying on the ground outside.

Michael hurries down the first flight of stairs.

(SLOW MOVING SOUNDS OF A HEART POUNDING FADES IN)

He surpasses all the bodies of the men. Making his way all the way down the last set of stairs.

He swiftly walks over to his Hummer and opens the driver's door.

He hops in jumbling through his keys.

"KEYS JANGEL!"

Finding the right key, Michael places it in the ignition starting the engine. Looking back, Michael reverses and drives away.

(SLOW MOVING SOUNDS OF A HEART POUNDING FADES OUT)

INT.EXT MICHAEL'S DRIVING/THE INTERROGATION - DAY

Michael is driving through an intersection. And suddenly a Chevy Tahoe rams and crashes into the driver's side of his Hummer.

Marcos is behind the wheel of the Tahoe going about 80 miles per hour.

Rocking the Hummer back and forth. Tires screeching, like nails on a chalk board. Michael's head hit and bounces off the steering wheel. Causing a medium-size gash on the right side of his forehead.

Small amounts of blood were leaking from his wound.

The Hummer stabilizes its movement. Marcos's Tahoe had smoke steaming from the engine. The whole front of his vehicle was smashed in. The Hummer had a small amount of damage to the driver's door.

The Hummer was built tough and made to be bullet proof.

Michael rests his back up against the driver's seat as he takes short deep breaths. Marcos gets out of his Tahoe holding a pistol.

He slowly walks up to the driver's door towards Michael. He aims his gun at him. Michael's head is lying back on the headrest of the driver's seat. He looks over at Marcos.

MICHAEL

Marcos.

Michael sighs.

Marcos cocks his gun preparing to shoot.

MARCOS

(Sarcastically speaking)

Nice to see you too Mike!

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I waited a long time for this!

Marcos smirks.

Michael grips the door tight, swinging it open. Slamming the door into Marcos's legs. Marcos grunts from the force of the impact. He hunches over with pain, while still holding his gun.

Michael gets out of his vehicle and shuts the door. The door creaks as it closes. He marches up to Marcos and throws a powerful heavy right hook. Striking him in his left eye.

He sighs and moans as he rubs his eye.

Marcos's vision became blurry, he couldn't see clearly. Michael grabs him by his shirt, throwing and slamming him against the side of the Hummer.

Marcos drops his gun, falling to his knees.

Marcos glances over at his gun and starts to crawl towards it.

Michael quickly kicks the gun off to the side. Then he knees Marcos in his face. Snapping his nose out of place. Marcos grunts as his nose is dripping blood.

MARCOS
(As loud as can be)
AAAH!

Marcos fell backwards on his back. Michael then kicks him on the left side of his face.

Marcos grunts.

The pain was almost unbearable.

Michael glares down at him. He gets down on one knee on top of Marcos's chest. Applying extreme pressure, making it hard for him to breathe.

Marcos grunts as he tries to catch his breath.

MICHAEL
Did Hector send you?

MARCOS
Fuck you!

Marcos's voice is raspy. He coughs as he chokes on his own words.

Angering Michael, he presses harder on his chest. Marcos tries to scream. But all that came out was raspy air. Michael lifts Marcos up by the collar of his shirt.

He strongly forcibly punches him twice on the side of his face.

Bouncing his head off the pavement. Marcos lays out unresponsive. Blood is oozing from his mouth, lips, and nose.

Michael lets go of Marcos and gets off of him. Standing up, he bends down and once again grabs Marcos by the collar of his shirt. Dragging him over to his Hummer.

Michael opens the backdoor to the passenger side. He leans down and picks up Marcos's deadweight body.

He tosses him inside the back and slams the door shut. He opens the driver's door and hops in. He starts the engine, the tires squeals, the exhaust smokes, as he burns out.

Michael races down the street.

INT./EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

Inside Michael's living room. Marcos sits duct tape to a wooden chair. His head is down with his eyes closed shut.

Michael walks towards him carrying a pale of boiling hot water.

MICHAEL
(Aggressively speaking)
Wake up.

Michael splashes a small amount of hot water in Marcos's face.

He blinks and opens his eyes. He looks up at Michael.

MARCOS
(Shouting in pain)
AAAH! What the hell?

Marcos blinks his eyes again. Michael splashes more hot water in his face. His face is sizzling.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
(As loud as can be)
Ah, fuck!

Marcos groans and shouts in pain. Michael sets the pale of hot water down on the table behind him. He grabs his P320-M17 off the table and aims it at Marcos.

MICHAEL
I'm only going to ask you this
once.

Michael cocks his gun.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(Tension rises in his
voice)
Where are my wife and son? Tell me
where Hector is holding them. And I
promise I won't put a bullet in
your skull.

Michael's patience was wearing thin. Marcos glares up at him.

MARCOS
(Loudly annoyed)
Go fuck yourself!

MICHAEL
Wrong answer.

Michael shoots him in the foot. Marcos shouts in pain.

MARCOS
(As loud as can be)
AAAH! Your fuckin crazy bro!

Marcos squinches his eyes. Looking up and then back at Michael.

MICHAEL
The next one will go in your head.

Michael aims and raises his gun at Marcos's head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You have got three seconds.
1, 2.

Michael cocks his gun. Marcos looks down.

MARCOS
Alright, alright, alright!

Marcos is feeling anxiously nervous. He looks up at Michael.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
Hector stashed them at the old
warehouse.

MICHAEL
Where?

Michael puts his gun to Marcos's head, pushing his head back.

MARCOS
4140 Swanson

Michael takes his gun down. He places it back in his holster.

Then he turns and walks towards the front door of his house.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
Mike, you can't leave me here like
this!

Marcos shouts and turns his head and looks back at Michael.

MARCOS (CONT'D)
(Shouting)
Mike!

Ignoring Marcos's demands. Michael walks out of his house.

A Jeep wrangler with an open back, speeds up. Four men in the back were rapidly firing their weapons towards Michael. The bullets set off like sparks on a wire.

They were armed with three Sub-Automatic machine guns and one AK 47.

Michael very quickly rolls off to the side into a front flip.

Dodging the bullets. Michael rushes back inside. He has his back up against the living room wall. He pulls out his P320-M17.

The four men hold their fire.

They jump out of the back of the Jeep.

NIGEL (30's) the driver, opens the door and gets out.

Nigel is armed with an AK-47. They begin to rush up to the house. Michael reloads his gun. The four men enter the house. Nigel walks in last.

Michael looks out from the corner of the wall. He aims and shoots one of the men in the head. The other three men and Nigel were in shock as they start firing their weapons.

Michael runs and jumps out the living room window. The glass bursts and shatters in the air.

Michael rolls and jumps up on his feet. He takes out a smoke grenade from his cargo pants side pocket. He pulls the pin and tosses it inside the window. The whole house fills up with smoke.

All four men were gagging coughing, including Marcos.

MARCOS
(As loud as can be)
Get me out of here!

Marcos continues to cough.

Michael takes off his shirt quickly tying it around his mouth and nose. He runs in through the front door. Michael forcibly kicks the first man he sees in the back.

He turns around and aims his gun at Michael. While covering his face and coughing.

Michael fires his gun and shoots him twice in the chest. Blood staining his shirt as he grunts, instantly killing him. Nigel rushes and tries to punch Michael, but he counter blocks with his arms.

Michael front kicks him with force in his mid-abdomen. Pushing Nigel back as he collides into the wall. With a loud bang, the third man fires his weapon, but misses.

Michael aggressively walks up to him as the man is reloading his gun. Michael violently shoots him underneath his chin killing him.

Blood splatters on the wall.

Finally, Michael shoots the last man twice. Once in the chest and once in the head. Killing him. Bodies are lying all over the floor.

MARCOS

Man come on, untie me. Hector is going to kill me!

Michael has anger within his eyes as his face fills with rage. He glares back at him. Michael turns and steps over the bodies of the men lying on the floor.

Michael walks out of his house. He unties his shirt uncovering his face.

The smoke begins to clear out. Michael puts his shirt back on and he walks at a fast pace over to his Hummer. He opens the door and hops inside. Starting the vehicle and reversing out of the driveway.

Michael slams into the Jeep wrangler behind him, pushing it out of the way. Michael turns to the right and speeds off down the street.

Back inside Michael's house. Nigel begins to get up from the floor.

MARCOS

Hey man, can you cut me lose?

Nigel walks over to Marcos. He points his gun at his head.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

(Fearful)

No! I didn't tell him anything! I swear!

Nigel pulls the trigger.

Shooting and killing him. Nigel glares at Marcos's lifeless body. He then heads down the hall in silence and exits the house.

INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE/TENSION BEGINS TO RISE - DAY

Inside the abandoned warehouse. Hector is on the second story looking over a large balcony while staring down at 12 of his men.

The 12 men are armed with rifles, heavy machine guns, and pistols. They are staring up at Hector.

Hector places both of his hands on the top railing of the balcony. Javi is standing next to him holding a Caliber pistol.

HECTOR

(Assertively speaking)

Listen up! Mike is extremely smart, strong willed, and heavily military trained. He probably knows our every move before we set it.

Hector raises his hands in the air. Then he puts them back down on the balcony.

Nigel speeds up to the warehouse in his Jeep. A medium-size dent is on the driver's side from when Michael backed up into it.

Two guards slide the gate open and let him in. They slide the gate back after he enters.

Nigel stops and parks his Jeep. The tires pick up dirt swirling around in the air from the fast motion of the Jeep.

Nigel jumps out with his AK47 in his hands. He storms up to the warehouse.

Back inside the warehouse.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

The one thing we have, and he does not! Is an army.

Hector points one finger up. Then he flares his arms out to the sides.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(Speaking loudly with
assertiveness)
Remember he is only one man!
But gentlemen, I advise you to
watch your backs.

The 12 men nod their heads, looking up at Hector. Javi glances over towards him. Nigel rushes in. The 12 men glance back at Nigel. Six men move to the left and six move to the right.

Nigel walks in between them.

Hector and Javi look down on Nigel. Nigel suddenly stops and furiously stares up at them.

NIGEL
(As loud as can be)
They're dead! They are all dead!

Hector looks confused.

HECTOR
Who?

NIGEL
My men! He killed them!
He killed them all!

Javi looks over at Hector calmly with distress. Hector's pupils dilate in the depths of concern.

HECTOR
What about Marcos?

NIGEL
Dead!

Hector is infuriated.

HECTOR
(Violently loud)
Find him! Kill him!

The 12 men vengefully look up at Hector. Then they turn around and quickly rush out of the warehouse. Nigel follows them.

Hector anxiously watches as they all leave.

Outside two SUVs are speeding away from the warehouse. Two guards open the 8-foot gate as quickly as they drive away.

Four men run and jump into a Nisan Armada. At a high rated speed, they race off.

Nigel runs to his jeep, and he hops inside. With his foot fully extending and pressing hard on the gas pedal. Tires rumble through the dirt and gravel as he belts away.

The guards slide the gate close as they all exit.

INT./EXT. DRIVING/FAR MORE DANGEROUS - NIGHT

As the sun sets, and the moon rises. The sky is no longer blue. The hours become shorter, and the minutes become seconds.

Michael is near the old warehouse. He is only a few miles away.

He is driving forward in between the lines.

Instantly an SUV makes a right turn and gets directly behind Michael. Looking in his rear-view mirror. He notices that he is being followed.

Michael stops at an intersection. He is being blocked in by the SUV behind him and one in front of him.

Nigel is on the left in his Jeep and the Nisan Armada is on the right. Michael circulars around with his eyes observing each vehicle.

No other vehicles were near except them. The roads were quiet and still. Their headlights were shining brightly. The only thing to hear were the loud sounds of their engines purring.

Michael is contemplating his next move.

Suddenly his cell phone begins to ring. Michael surprisingly looks over towards his glovebox. He reaches over and opens it.

Michael grabs his phone, and the caller's ID read "unknown." He answers the call.

MICHAEL
(With tension)
Who is this?

HECTOR (V.O.)
(Low deep tone)
How is everything Mike?
Have my men found you yet?

Hector smirks.

Michael's face floods with anger. Silence all around.

HECTOR (V.O.)

Good.

INTERCUT MICHAEL/HECTOR

Hector is standing in the empty room where Sara and Tyler are.

Javi has Sara by her arms, standing behind her. Tyler is sitting on the floor. A couple of feet away from Javi.

HECTOR

You have less than 17 hours to save
your family.

Hector glances at his watch.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, you're not going to
make it. My men have you
surrounded.

Hector walks closer to Sara. He gazes at her in a sexual way.

Sara looks at him in disgust. Hector rubs the side of Sara's cheek with his hand. She pulls away from him.

MICHAEL

You underestimate me, Hector.
I am no longer that 17-year-old kid
living in the streets. I have been
to war and back again. I have
killed and I have saved more lives
than you can count. And now that
you have my family. You just made
me far more dangerous.

Michael hangs up the phone and he threw it down on the passenger seat. He revs up his thunderous engine.

Hector looks nervous and worried.

SARA

(Voice is shaky)

My husband will find us. And when
he does. You will be the one with
the tail tucked between your legs.

Hector furiously glares at her with anger. He slaps her across the face. Twisting her head to the side and back again.

She grunts from the force of his hand. Causing the left side of her face to turn bright red.

Tyler was sobbing.

TYLER
(As loud as can be)
Leave my mom alone!

Tyler stands up clinching his fists.

Hector smirks and chuckles with annoyance.

Then he looks at Javi.

HECTOR
(In a deep angry pitch)
Let's go.

Javi releases Sara. Shoving her to the floor. Sara grunts as she lands on her side. She glares up at Javi. Tyler was trying to be brave, but deep down he was terrified.

Hector walks over to the heavy door and opens it. The door loudly creaks. Hector walks out and Javi follows.

Javi closes the door. Tyler watches them leave.

They hear the door being locked from the outside. Tyler looks back at his mom, and he hurries over to her. Sara sits up.

Tyler gets on the floor next to her. He hugs her tightly.

SARA
I'm okay, I'm okay.

Sara wraps her arms around him. She holds him tight.

END INTERCUT

Michael looks behind and then he looks back into his review mirror. Staring at the SUV. Michael revs up his engine louder and louder. He slams it in reverse. Then he looks back.

At full speed, Michael crashes into the SUV.

Forcibly pushing it 5 feet back. Michael sets his Hummer in drive, and vastly speeds forward. Michael rams into the SUV in front of him.

Nigel drives and swerves his vehicle to the side. He begins to unload his weapon.

Shooting at Michael from every angle.

SLOW MOTION

Michael completes a full 360 turn spinning around. He reaches and grabs his P320-M17 from his holster on his pants. He stops spinning. He aims his gun out the window towards Nigel.

Michael open fires, shooting Nigel in his left shoulder.

END SLOWMOTION

The second bullet grazes his neck. Nigel groans aguishly. He grabs his neck and then his shoulder.

NIGEL
(Loudly)
AAAAH!

Michael brings his gun back through the window. He pushes the gas and drives directly into the SUV in front of him. Smashing right into the front passenger side headlight.

Bursting and shattering glass all over the road.

Piling through and pushing the SUV out of his way. Michael takes off down the street.

The SUV very quickly flips around. Tires squealing as they chase after him. The second SUV follows.

The driver in the Nisan Armada turns to the right and follows them. Nigel turns his wheel and trails behind them. He only uses his right hand to drive. His left shoulder is in too much pain.

The first SUV races and catches up to Michael on the left side. The second SUV gets on Michael's right side of his vehicle. Michael looks to his left and then to his right.

The Nisan Armada is gaining on him. Almost close enough to touch the Hummer's bumper. Nigel punches the gas and gets right in front of the Nisan Armada. Michael frustratingly looks in his rearview mirror.

He sees them getting closer.

The front passenger in the SUV on the left rolls down the window. He pulls out a light machine gun. Michael glares over at him with anger. The passenger aims his gun and begins shooting.

Bullets are flying towards Michael.

"BUDDA, BUDDA, BUDDA!"

Bullets were hitting the side of the Hummer and bouncing off.

Michael slams on his brakes. The two SUVs drive ahead of him crashing into each other. Jarring the drivers and passengers inside.

Nigel swerves to the left missing the Hummer. The driver of the Nisan Armada couldn't avoid the collision. Crashing into the Hummer's bumper.

Michael floors it, pressing all the way down on the gas pedal. He accelerates, ramming into the rear of the SUV on the right. The SUV lost control and spins out.

Michael grabs his P320-M17 and fires two shots at the right front tire of the SUV on the left. The tire instantly blew out running tread on the road. Skid marks traveling along.

Then the SUV flips over three times going extremely fast. The SUV lands in a ditch on its side.

Michael watches the SUV go down.

Nigel glances over towards the SUV. He is shaken by the roller coaster effect of the vehicle.

Nigel quickly swerves around Michael driving on the right side of him.

Nigel rams into Michael strongly hitting him on the passenger side.

Michael angrily glares over at Nigel.

Nigel pulls out his AK-47 and aims it at him.

Michael very quickly notices the gun. He slams into the driver's side of Nigel's jeep. Causing Nigel to drop his gun.

It lands on the floor on the passenger's side of the vehicle.

NIGEL

Shit!

Nigel glances down at his AK-47 and then he looks back at the road.

Once again Michael crashes into Nigel.

Nigel grunts from the force of the impact. His left shoulder was in excruciating pain.

Michael speeds up and hit Nigel's front bumper of his Wrangler.

Nigel touches the roof of the jeep with his right hand. His jeep spins out of control and rolls over twice.

Nigel's jeep lands upside down. The Nisan Armada races up behind Michael's Hummer.

Michael takes his P320-M17 and shoots the Nisan Armada three times.

"POP, POP, POP!"

The first bullet hit the right front headlight. The second went through the front passenger door. Striking and piercing the passenger through his abdomen.

He hunches over and grunts from the trauma. He held his side as blood leaks through his shirt.

The last shot went through the middle of the front window.

The driver dodges the bullet.

The driver swerves to the left and drives into a wall.

Michael looks back at the Nissan. He forcibly stops his Hummer, as he looks back at Nigel's upside-down Jeep. He quickly switches his vehicle in reverse.

Rapidly reversing all the way back to Nigel.

Michael stomps on the brakes and shuts the engine off.

He stares at Nigel lying there weak. Michael grabs his P320-M17 and jumps down from his vehicle. He walks over to the Jeep.

Michael forcibly yanks the Jeep's driver door open. He reaches in and aggressively pulls Nigel out.

Nigel is grunting and groaning while lying on his back. He is beaten and banged up badly from the wreck. Blood is fuming from his scalp.

Brusing covers his face, and his right knee is dislocated.

Nigel's Jeep is smoking, and the front windshield is cracked in several different ways. The roof and hood are extremely dented.

Feeling very irritable. Michael jabs him in the face repeatedly. He grabs him by the collar of his shirt. Violently glaring at him.

Michael punches him one last time. Then he lets him go.

His head smacks the pavement. Nigel is bleeding from his mouth and nose. His face is puffy with one swollen eye.

Michael hears gunfire. He looks over to the right. He saw four men from the Nissan Armada running up towards him.

One of the men were limping in pain from the gun shot to his abdomen. They were firing their guns.

The other SUV speeds up towards the four men and quickly stops. They are approximately 30 feet away from Michael.

The other four men from the SUV jump out with their guns.

Michael takes off running up a ramp covering his head from the flying bullets. He runs up to the Chicago City Mall. The mall is currently closed due to building repairs.

EXT./INT. MALL/FIGHT - NIGHT

As the night draws darker, and the clouds are closing in. The rumbling thunder screams louder and the rain crashes in the wind.

Eight men slowly creep up while holding their Sub Automatic machine guns. One man in the far back behind the others. Was limping as he held his lower abdomen from the gunshot wound.

Blood covers his shirt while he moans in pain.

Michael is crouching down behind a wall next to the entrance of the mall.

The leading man was cautiously observing his surroundings. He walks up near Michael not knowing where he was.

Michael quickly slides out and kicks him in his ankles.

Taking him by surprise and knocking him off his feet. Michael grabs him by the back of his jacket. He lifts him up and aggressively throws him through the mall's glass doors.

ARMED MAN
(Loudly)
AAAH!

The glass shatters, exploding through the mall. Sounding the alarm, roaring like a siren. The seven men behind Michael begin to shoot. Rocket firing their guns.

Michael runs and jumps through the broken glass doors. The front man ahead of the other six glances back at them. He points and hand signals for them to enter the mall.

Lowering their crosshair they quietly rush inside.

The man once in front now follows behind them. He is nervously looking around while aiming his gun in different directions.

It is dark inside, no power seers within the mall.

The men step on broken glass, crushing it.

The last man to enter walks over and helps up the man that Michael threw through the window. He grunts as he stands up.

The last man to enter takes out a pistol from inside his belt loop. Then he hands it to him and pats him on the back.

They nod their heads at one another. He aims his Sub-Automatic machine gun and rushes off. The one with the pistol follows behind him.

Nigel is outside lying on the ground. He starts to open his eyes and regains consciousness.

He moans in agony.

Nigel slowly sits up having his legs straight out. He painfully scoots backwards and sits with his back up against his jeep.

Nigel winces in anguish as he looks at his dislocated right knee. He bit his bottom lip and grabs his knee. He forcibly snaps his knee back in place. He loudly shouts in pain.

NIGEL
(Loudly)
AAAH!

Nigel slowly stands to his feet. He holds onto his jeep as he gets to his feet. He reaches in through the driver's window and takes out his AK47. Nigel limps and walks steadily up the ramp towards the mall entrance.

Inside the mall, Michael is hiding in the women's athletic clothing store. He hears footsteps vastly approaching. He is standing behind a manikin.

The manikin is wearing a women's sports attire while holding a skateboard in the upright position.

Michael watches as they get closer.

He aims his P320-M17 and pulls back the trigger. He fires one shot,

"BANG!"

Sending echoes throughout the mall. Shooting one of the men in the head.

He crumbles to the floor and is instantly killed. The other men are stunned. They duck down and run for cover.

LEADING MAN
(Shouting loudly)
Everyone, get down!

Michael walks out from the manikin and rushes to put his back up against the wall. Near the entrance of the store. He peeks and looks out the large window.

Nigel limps inside and steadily walks closer to the other men.

The seven men glance back at Nigel. They were in disbelief.

They thought that Nigel was dead.

NIGEL
(Speaking aggressively)
Oh Mike, come out, come out
wherever you are.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
(Aggressively raises his
voice)
Come out you fuckin coward!

Nigel spits blood out of his mouth. Michael sees Nigel through the window limping closer and closer to him.

Michael sighs and takes a deep breath.

Michael looks around the women's athletic clothing store. He looks over at the manikin and then at the skateboard.

Silence surrounds the mall, which made the men nervous. Nigel anxiously stands there waiting. Hoping to hear something, waiting for Michael to make a mistake.

The other men slowly stand their aiming their guns, ready to shoot.

Michael rolls out lying sideways on a skateboard. He glides across the floor.

On impulse, the seven men start firing their weapons. Nigel violently unloads his AK47 and rapidly fires at Michael.

Michael shoots, killing two men.

Nigel shoots Michael in the left leg. Stinging sensations of pain burn through his leg.

Michael grunts.

Sliding on the skateboard, hiding behind a wall. Michael stands up.

He grunts as blood pours down his leg.

Michael looks over towards the two escaladers side by side. The right one goes up and the left one goes down.

Now limping, he hurries to the escaladers with his gun in his hand. Nigel sees Michael and then he looks over at the remaining five men.

NIGEL

What are you waiting for?
He is injured, go get him!

Feeling frustrated, Nigel aggressively points. The 5 men glances over at him. Following orders, they chase after Michael.

Michael gets on the escalader on the right. Then he turns around.

Feeling annoyingly irritable, Michael glares at the men coming towards him. The five men begin to get on the escaladers. Three men hop on the one on the left. The other two jump on the right.

MICHAEL
(Frustratingly mumbles to
himself)

Shit.

Michael sighs.

Blood continues to slowly stream from his gaping wound. Michael puts his gun inside his holster. While limping, he hurries down a couple of steps.

He raises his fist with force. Punching the man nearest to him in the head.

Grunting, his head violently swings back as he held on to the railing of the escalader.

Then Michael aggressively jabs him four times in the stomach.

He groans and gasps for air. Trying to catch his breath. Michael tosses him over the escalader.

NEAREST MAN
(As loud as can be)

AAAH!

Michael quickly jumps and round kicks the second man knocking him all the way down the escalader. He groans from the forceful impact of Michael's kick.

One man on the escalader on the left. Launches and reaches for Michael.

Michael grabs a hold of the railing and jumps over to the left escalader.

Michael quickly front kicks him in the chest. He grunts as he tumbles down the escalader. The other two men move to the side and watch him go down.

Michael grunts and holds his left leg in agony.

The men all glare back at Michael.

They begin to charge up the escalader towards him as the escalader is going down.

Michael runs up a couple of steps. While not trying to put a lot of pressure on his left leg. He swiftly turns around, facing the two men. The men start throwing left and right hooks.

Michael dodges, counter blocking each strike with his fist and arms.

Michael lands a strong right hook to the man on the left. He groans as he was taken back by the strike. Causing his right eye to water and swell.

Michael raises his forearm and elbows the man on his right underneath the chin.

The escalader continues to travel down.

The man on the right grunts.

The man on the left swings and threw a right punch. Hitting Michael on the side of the face. Only angering him more, Michael's frustration increases.

Michael growls and raises his eyebrows. Flaring his nostrils, overwhelm by anger, Michael headbutts the man on the left.

Pounding his head like a brick. With adrenaline pumping through his veins. Michael forcefully shoves both men down the escalader.

Gasping for a breath of air. The wind was taken right out of them. Their voices rumble as they went down.

A second later, Nigel limps over to the escalader with a look of anger.

Nigel aims his gun up towards Michael. He fires his weapon, and misses. Shooting a diamond chandelier.

The chandelier crashes to the floor and shatters into a thousand pieces.

Michael glances at the chandelier and so did Nigel.

The two men from the right side of the escalader begin to get up. Staggering to their feet. The men start to race to the top of the escalader. Michael pushes himself and jumps over to the right escalader.

The escalader is moving upward.

Michael swings and punches one of the men strongly in the face twice. Making his nose bleed, scourging in pain as he groans.

Michael throws and lands another powerful punch striking the other man in the jaw.

His head turns to the side as blood shoots out of his mouth. The first man kicks Michael as hard as he could in his injured leg.

Sending shock waves of pain throughout his wound.

Michael clinches his teeth and grunts loudly.

Like a strike of a match, he lit up with anger. Michael grabs and cuffs him tightly by the shoulders.

Looking at Michael engraving with fear. Michael growls and tosses him down the escalader.

He frantically hollers, flying down the escalader and plunging to the floor. At full speed, Michael turns to his right side.

Swinging both of his fist together like a wrecking ball.

Striking the other man in his right eye.

He moans in strenuous pain, covering his bulging bloody eye.

With force, Michael front kicks him in the chest. His mouth opens, struggling to get air. He rolls backwards down the escalader.

Michael grunts and glances at his open wound. While he pants and stares down at all the men.

Nigel annoyingly watches every single man that got taken down.

The escalader continues to move to the top of the second level of the mall.

Michael turns and exits the escalader. He limps over to a nearby men's department store.

Nigel watches all three men roll down the escalader.

NIGEL
(Felling frustrated)
Fuckin idiots! If you want
something done. You must do it
yourself.

Nigel shakes his head while he steps over the falling men. He walks with a slight limp, as he enters on the escalader going upward.

Inside the men's department store. Michael quickly grabs a shirt from one of the clothing racks.

He goes and sits down with his back up against the wall. Breathing heavily, Michael rips the shirt in half.

Wrapping and tying the torn pieces tightly around his injured leg. Stopping the bleeding. Michael pauses and sits there for a moment to catch his breath.

Nigel exits the escalader at the top. Limping and carrying his gun.

Nigel glances down and notices drops of blood on the floor. He looks up and grins.

NIGEL

I know your hurt Mike. So why don't
you make it easy and give yourself
up. Let's have a little chat.

Inside the men's clothing store, Michael is listening to Nigel's every word. Michael looks out the side of the window and pulls out his P320-M17.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

(Loudly speaking acidly)
Hector told me what you did.
How you broke off and pussied Out!

Nigel stops and looks around. Michael stares out the department store window awaiting his next move.

MICHAEL

Hector needs to stop blaming others
and start taking responsibility for
his own wrongs.

Nigel squints his eyes and looks near the men's department store. Following Michael's voice.

NIGEL

(Violently speaking)
He speaks. Let's see how many words
you can say after I cut out your
tongue!

Nigel pulls out a tactical karambit knife. Michael leans to his side and aims his gun at the window. He pulls back the trigger and shoots Nigel in the leg. A round bullet hole plasters through the bottom of the window.

Nigel fell to his knees, groaning in pain. Nigel drops his knife and gun. He snarls and holds onto his leg as he glares up towards the men's clothing store.

Nigel then picks up his gun, he aims, fires, and shoots out the store window.

The erupting glass shatters all around the store. Inside and out.

Michael rolls to his other side barely dodging the bullets. Parts of broken glass shreds on his legs. Michael slowly stands holding onto the wall.

Nigel stumbles to his feet. Bouncing on one leg. He bends down and picks up his knife.

Nigel smirks and jokingly laughs.

NIGEL

You know the best part of all this.
When I kill you, and I will kill
you.

Nigel chuckles.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Is listening to your wife scream
and knowing that you won't be
around to save her.

Nigel leans back up.

Before he could say another word. Michael charges at him. Nigel was taken by surprise. Full of anger and Rage, Michael throws an angry right hook to the side of Nigel's face.

Nigel grunts in pain.

Streaks of blood covers his face. Nigel fell to his back on the floor. Michael kicks him in his ribs twice.

Nigel turns over on his stomach and begins to army crawl towards his AK47. Michael grabs Nigel's foot before he could reach his gun.

Tussling around, Michael pulls him away from his weapon. Nigel flips around kicking Michael in his lower abdomen.

Jarring Michael back as he lets go of his foot. Nigel staggers and wobbles as he gets to his feet. Swinging his knife towards him.

Michael jumps back twice avoiding the blade. Nigel swings one last time and Michael catches Nigel's wrist. The same hand holding the knife.

Michael twists his arm back snapping his bones in half.
Nigel screams in pain.

NIGEL
(As loud as can be)
AAAH!

Michael glares at Nigel letting go of his arm. With high
pact intensity he front kicks Nigel in his upper abdomen.
Expelling him to the floor. Nigel moans in agony lying on
the floor and coughing up blood.

Michael walks over to Nigel at a steady even pace.

Michael stands above Nigel with fire in his eyes. Nigel
looks up at him. Michael draws out his P320-M17 and aims it
at him.

MICHAEL
The last thing you'll ever hear is
the sound of my gun.

Michael cocks back his gun and shoots Nigel in the head.
Killing him instantly. Blood began pouring from his
forehead.

Michael glares down at Nigel's lifeless body. He lowers his
gun and places it back in his holster.

He steps over Nigel's body and walks towards the left
escalader.

After he reaches the bottom floor, Michael exits the
escalader.

He walks around the men lying on the floor. They are all
still unresponsive.

EXT./INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE/FIRST AID - MORNING

Around 3 am, Michael drives up the driveway to his house. He
hops out of his H1 Hummer and shuts the door. He limps and
walks up to his front door.

The door is partially open. Michael pushes the door and
hobbles inside. No lights surface throughout the house.

So dark and cold. A light breeze of the howling wind blows
in.

Michael is in his master bathroom with the mirror medicine
cabinet open. He takes out a first aid kit and opens it up.
He then places the kit on his bathroom sink.

Michael grabs some gauze tape, medical scissors, tweezers, a needle, and thread.

He limps over to his bathtub and sits on the edge. He stretches his left leg out and kept his right leg bent. He laid all the medical equipment down on the floor on top of the bathroom rug.

Next to him sits a large half drinking bottle of Vodka.

Michael unties the shirt wrapped around his left leg. He looks at his quarter size wound. Then he looks over at the Vodka and reaches for it. Michael tips the bottle upside down and pours it over his bullet hole.

He grunts clinching his teeth.

He sits the bottle back down and grabs the tweezers.

Michael sighs and holds his breath.

He digs deep inside his wound and pulls the bullet out. He groans from the pain and takes a deep breath. His wound begins to bleed again.

Michael has the bloody bullet by the tweezers, and he drops it in the bathtub. He lets go of the tweezers and grabs the needle with the thread.

Then he begins to stitch up his wound up. Michael slightly grunts in pain. Then he takes the scissors and cuts the thread.

Less than a second later he tosses the scissors to the floor.

He looks over at the Vodka bottle and he grabs a hold of it.

Michael leans back and takes a long hard drink.

He sets the bottle back on the floor and holds onto the bathtub.

He presses and pushes himself up to standing.

Michael grunts.

He limps to the bathroom door.

Now standing next to his dresser in his bedroom. Michael takes off his blood stain shirt and pants.

Just in his briefs, Michael wraps the gauze four times around his injured leg.

He puts on camo cargo pants with a black skintight t-shirt.

He looks over at his keys lying on top of his dresser. He grabs the keys and puts them inside his pants' pocket. Michael walks out of his room and steps over the bodies of the men lying dead on the floor.

He walks to his front door and exits his house.

The sun starts to rise, dim and bright in the morning light.

Michael walks to his Hummer and opens the driver's door. He slowly climbs inside, closing the door. He turns the key and starts his hummer.

The headlights shine and the engine roars.

Michael looks back and reverses quickly out of his driveway.

He turns to the right and speeds down the street.

EXT./INT. ABANDON WAREHOUSE - DAY

Michael is standing on the roof of his Hummer looking through binoculars. He is parked 100 yards from the warehouse surrounded by a dirt road.

Michael sees three armed men standing on top of the roof of the warehouse.

They are holding AK 47's while guarding the premises. Michael continues to observe the area around the warehouse. He notices two armed guards outside guarding the 8-foot gate.

He sees four more armed men behind the gate with their feet planted on the ground. They are standing in a row alongside each other. 10 feet away from the gate.

Michael lowers his binoculars and sighs. He leans down and jumps off the roof of his Hummer.

Michael painfully grunts as he lands on his feet. His left leg is still tender and sore from the night before.

Michael walks to the back end of his Hummer and opens the trunk.

He stares at his large duffle bag. Then he looks over at his military bullet proof vest. He grabs it and puts it on.

Looking back at his duffle bag, ready to gear up. Michael grabs the bag and unzips it. He takes 6 grenades and attaches them to his vest.

Then he grabs 4 smoke grenades and puts them inside his side thigh pants' pocket.

Michael grabs his M2A1 Heavy Machine gun. He takes the sling from the machine gun and puts it over his left shoulder.

Next, he grabs a roll of ammunition. He places them inside his other side pocket

The last thing Michael grabs is his grenade launcher. He takes the sling from the grenade launcher and throws it over the same shoulder as the machine gun. Michael slams his trunk shut.

He walks around to the driver's door and opens it.

He tosses his machine gun and grenade launcher on the passenger seat. He reaches in and grabs the microphone from his PA system inside his Hummer. He puts it up to his mouth.

MICHAEL

Hector, you have got two options.

INTERCUT MICHAEL/HECTOR/SIX MEN/ARMANDO/JAVI/SARA/TYLER

Hector is standing inside the warehouse near the stairs. Three men, ARMANDO (30's), and Javi are standing near him. They hear Michael in the distance.

Three armed men walk down the hall towards Hector. All the men look over at him.

HECTOR

Shhh...

Hector places his index finger up close to his mouth.

MICHAEL

Option one, you can let my wife and son go unharmed. Option two, we fight, you lose, and you die. The choice is yours.

Inside the empty room, Sara is standing with.

Tyler has his arms wrapped around his mom's waist. Hugging her. They hear Michael far in the distance. His voice echoes in. Tyler looks up at his mom.

TYLER

That's dad! I'd knew he come.

Tyler says with excitement. Sara looks down at him and smiles.

In that moment they felt relieved, they knew it was almost over.

Hector was feeling nervously anxious. Javi looks up at him.

JAVI

What do you want us to do?

Hector looks down at him. The other men all look up at Hector.

HECTOR

Get to the armory and load up.

Hector looks around at every man. Javi nods and turns towards the hall and walks down to the armory. The other three men move to the side and let Javi pass.

JAVI

You heard him, let's go.

Javi puts his lefthand up in the air and snaps his fingers. The six men, including Armando follow him. Hector watches as they leave. Javi and the three men walk towards the armory.

Hector turns around and walks up the stairs to a messy office.

END INTERCUT

Back outside. Michael waits a few seconds and hears nothing. He lets go of his microphone. Agitated with no compliance. Michael hops in his Hummer and starts the engine.

At full speed, he races down to the warehouse. Bringing war to every man inside.

Back at the warehouse. The men on top of the roof gaze the outskirts around them with their eyes.

One of the men hears a loud thunderous engine in the distance.

The volume gets louder as the vehicle gets closer. He turns to look at the gate. He sees the Hummer rapidly approaching without warning.

MAN ON ROOF

(As loud as can be)

Incoming!

He aims his weapon preparing to shoot. The other men on the roof glance over at him. While the men on the ground look up at him.

He points towards the gate. They all look over at the gate and they see Michael inside the Hummer coming in fast.

The two guards outside of the gate at the entrance begin shooting at Michael. Men inside the gate including the ones on top of the roof start to fire their weapons.

Guns a blazing, shooting multiple rounds all at once.

Michael punches the gas and floors it.

The two guards jump out of the way as Michael rams the gate.

He crushes the gate on impact, knocking it to the ground.

Michael drives on top of the gate. The men keep firing, but the fiery pellets continue to bounce off the Hummer. No bullet was strong enough to leave a mark on his Hummer.

Michael quickly drives over to the side of the warehouse and parks in front of two burn barrels.

Michael gets out and grabs his grenade launcher throwing it over his back. Looping it like a backpack. Next, he grabs his machine gun and puts it over his left shoulder. Hanging by its sling. He shuts the door to his Hummer.

Michael hears the men getting closer. They are running and yelling loudly.

ARMED MAN 1 (V.O.)
(Shouting)
Over here!

The three men on the roof run to the ladder and climb down.

Michael is crouching down in front of his Hummer. He peeks out around his vehicle and sees three men running around the corner towards him.

Michael aims his Machine gun, shooting and killing them with no mercy. They didn't even get a chance to discharge their guns.

Their bodies jolt and shake as they crash to the ground.

Michael looks up at the side of the warehouse. He notices a long steel pole attached to the siding. He quickly hurries over to the pole. He slightly drags his left leg along.

He no longer walks with a limp. Sometimes it's more like a gallop to avoid putting too much pressure and stress on his healing wound.

Michael climbs up the pole with ease.

Four men, including the gate guards charge around the corner. They look up as Michael nearly made it to the top of the warehouse. The man from the roof points his gun up and fires at Michael, but he misses.

He sighs in aggravation as Michael made it to the top.

MAN FROM THE ROOF

Come on!

He shouts with anger. He turns around and runs back in the same direction as before. The other men turn and follow him.

Michael lowers his crosshair while searching the roof for any nearby enemies. He walks to the other side of the roof and looks down. He glances over to the left and sees the men circling around the warehouse.

Michael then looks to his right and notices two different sections of the warehouse.

They are separated 5 feet apart. Michael gradually limps over there to the edge. Looking at every aspect and corner to see how far he needs to jump.

Michael glances behind him and then he looks at the 5-foot gap. He turns and walks 20 feet back.

Then he turns himself back around and takes a deep breath.

Michel begins to sprint at lighting speed. He leaps and jumps to the other side. He rolls into his landing.

Michael is on one knee looking down at the roof. He slowly stands and walks over to the edge of the building.

There is a lake behind the warehouse. A boat sits in the water tied to a fishing dock.

Michael glances at the lake and then he looks down at the ground. It is about a 15-foot drop.

Michael looks to his left and sees the men on the ground running towards him. Then he quickly looks to his right and notices a ladder to get down.

He walks over to the ladder and climbs down. The ladder is two feet above the ground.

Michael looks down and let's go dropping to the ground. He hears men yelling as they are searching the premises for him.

Six men race around the corner to where Michael is.

Michael springs out from the side of the warehouse and grabs the gun from the man that was once on the roof. Michael chucks it to the ground. The five other men begin to shoot.

Shock waves of loud piercing bullets soar through the air.

"BANG, BANG, POW!"

Michael rolls and flips backwards onto one knee. Dodging every pellet. He grabs his machine gun and pulls back the trigger. Striking and killing two men on the left.

The man from the roof hurries to grab his gun. Michael begins to shoot at his feet.

The man from the roof takes off running in the opposite direction. Michael stands up lowering his crosshair, aiming his gun at the other men.

They all have their weapons drawn at Michael.

MICHAEL
Lower your weapons.

Michael demands.

They all look at each other. Confused by Michael's words, when they are the ones who have more guns than him.

They glare back at Michael and smirk.

ARMED MAN 1
How about you lower yours.

Armed man 1 cocks back his gun getting ready to shoot.

Michael very quickly shoots him in the throat.

Blood gushes spraying like a hose. He holds his throat while gargling and choking on his own blood. Within seconds he is dead. He then let's go of his throat, closes his eyes and falls to the ground.

Two other men on the left prepare to fire. Michael turns towards them and rapidly fires several times. Striking them severely in the chest.

Blood shoots out like bottle rockets. They fell to the ground and died from their injuries.

Back inside the warehouse Javi walks into a huge room next to the armory. Seven other men were standing behind him.

20 men sit around at a couple of long bench metal tables. They all look over at Javi.

JAVI

Gear up! Move it, Move it!

The 20 men jump up and they all scatter towards the armory.

A large metal door opens and leads into the armory.

Inside the armory there are several shotguns, different types of machine guns, handguns, and rifles.

The dangerous weapons all hang from a rack on the concrete wall.

Every man is quickly grabbing a weapon. Once they grab what they need. They rush out of the armory one at a time.

Back outside the warehouse, Michael is assembling a trip wire. He takes off one of the grenades from his vest and attaches it to one side of the wire. Then he stretches the wire to the other end and stakes it in the ground.

Michael takes off a second grenade and squats down. Attaching it to the other end of the wire. He stands back up and looks to his right.

He hears multiple voices of several different men. Their pitch gets louder as they get closer.

Michael hurries over to the side of the warehouse. He climbs up the ladder leading to the roof.

A Dodge Cummins diesel truck is driving around the warehouse with two armed men inside.

A third man is standing up in the back of the bed of the truck. He is holding a large machine gun.

Michael is lying on his stomach on top of the roof. With his grenade launcher in his hands. He is pointing and aiming it at the truck. Michael pulls back and fires twice.

One grenade struck the front end of the truck and the second strikes the middle. The truck explodes and engulfs in flames.

All three men scream in horrific pain.

The man in the back of the truck flies out and skids to the ground. He dies on impact.

The explosion causes the truck to flip three times and roll three more. The two men inside turn to fiery ash and sizzle to their deaths.

Michael gets to his feet and he seemly glares down at the truck.

He lowers the empty grenade launcher and drops it on the roof. Then he turns and walks to the end of the roof.

Back inside the warehouse. Hector is standing in an office room.

He is looking out a big glass window. He sees the truck explode and catch fire. Hector becomes more anxious and annoyed with frustration.

He turns and walks out of the office, heading for the stairs.

Outside an army of men run out from the back entrance of the warehouse. They are all armed and carrying deadly weapons. Javi and Armando stay behind. They watch as the men all rush out.

Javi pulls back down the warehouse's huge sliding door. Shutting and closing it with a loud bang. The men race around the corner searching for Michael.

Michael runs and jumps out from the side of the warehouse. He takes the pin out of a grenade and throws it with force. Then he did it again with another grenade.

One man notices the grenades. His face fills with terror.

ARMED MAN 3
(As loud as can be)
GRENADE!

The men shockingly look at the grenades and fearfully turn around. They run the opposite way, but unfortunately it was too late for four men. The grenades burst and explode, taking them out.

Michael takes cover behind a large vehicle. He looks out after the grenades went off. Then he takes off running in a different direction towards the back of the warehouse.

INT. SARA FOR THE TAKING/EMPTY ROOM/CONTINUOUS - DAY

Sara apprehensively paces back and forth. Tyler stands to the side watching her.

Loud eruption of gunfire and explosive grenades is all they hear outside. Shaking the atmosphere underneath their feet, sounding like WW3.

Sara looks over to the door and stops pacing. She could hear footsteps approaching. The lock rattles as it is being unlocked.

Sara's anxiety intensified.

Hector opens the door. Javi is standing right behind him with Armando.

HECTOR
(In a low deep aggressive
tone)

Go.

He signals for Javi and Armando to go inside.

Javi walks over to Sara.

Armando walks over to Tyler.

Sara stands in front of Tyler protecting him.

SARA
No, you're not taking my son!

Flooding with anger and sadness. Tears wash her eyes.

Javi grabs Sara with force. He squeezes her arm tight. Brush of red bruising forms around her arm. Armando walks behind Tyler and holds him back.

TYLER
(Loudly)
Mom!

Tyler begins to cry. Tyler reaches for her, and Sara reaches for him. She turns and knees Javi in the groin.

Javi grunts while he hunches over grabbing himself.

Sara runs back to Tyler. Javi regains his footing and quickly grabs Sara by her hair. Right before she could get to Tyler.

Tyler fights against Armando, but his grip is too strong.

TYLER

Let me go!

Javi drags Sara by her hair. He wraps his arms around her abdomen.

Her back is up against his chest. He picks Sara up and turns to walk towards Hector. Sara squirms and kicks her legs, trying to get free.

SARA

No, you're not taking me from him!

Javi stands in front of Hector. He is still holding on to Sara. Hector begins to zip tie her hands together. Sara wiggles her shoulders and moves her arms. She tries to escape their grasp.

But they hold her tighter. Sara stares angrily at Hector.

SARA

I want my son.

Sara speaks with intensity in her voice. Hector glares up at her after he finishes zip tying her hands.

HECTOR

Today is the day you die.
Trust me, you don't want him to
witness it. Do you?

Sara furiously glances at him with fear. She spit in Hector's face.

Hector wipes away her spit as he became very frustrated. He violently headbutts Sara and her head flings backwards.

Tyler watches the whole time.

He tries to escape Armando's clutch.

TYLER

(As loud as can be)

Mom!

Tyler frantically shouts. Sara looks over at him. The top of her head turns bright red, and her left eye starts to swell.

SARA

It's okay baby. I'm fine.

Sara's voice was shaky.

SARA (CONT'D)
Everything is going to be okay.

Sara whimpers trying to hold back her tears. She doesn't want Tyler to see how scared she really is.

Javi walks out of the empty room with Sara in tow. Sara couldn't shrug Javi off; she felt so weak and tired.

Hector glances in the room at Armando and Tyler.

HECTOR
Armando.

Armando lets go of Tyler and he shoves him to the floor. He walks to the door and leaves the empty room. Tyler looks up with watery eyes.

Hector glances at him one last time and smirks.

TYLER
Where are you taking my mom?

Hector closes the door; it screeches and creaks along the floor. Tyler hears him relocking the door from the outside.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE/WAR ZONE/CONTINUOUS - DAY

Outside the warehouse. Michael is running while seven men chase him, and nine men charge towards him.

Michael stops as he is surrounded by all 16 men. Michael glares and looks around at every man.

ARMED MAN 4
This war, you could never win.

He paces back and forth twice. Then he stops and stares at Michael.

Michael is a man who doesn't go down easy. He never gives up without a fight.

In a split second his eyes darken with anger and drown in rage.

ARMED MAN 4 (CONT'D)
I mean look at you.

He chuckles and points at Michael.

ARMED MAN 4 (CONT'D)
You're a one-man band.

ARMED MAN 4 (CONT'D)

Clearly, we have the numbers. And you have, well, you have no one.

MICHAEL

I have never faced a battle that I couldn't conquer. You call this a war. I call this your grave!

Michael snarls and speaks in a deep aggressive voice.

Suddenly, the men rush and ambush Michael.

Michael takes out his KA-BAR fighting knife and stabs the first man in the throat.

He begins to bleed as he falls to the ground.

Michael grabs a man's gun as he tries to shoot him.

Michael knees him in the chest and headbutts him. The strong blow to his head locks him in a daze.

Michael drops the gun and takes out his P320-M17.

He pulls back the trigger and shoots him in the eye.

"BOOM!"

A man comes up behind Michael and grabs him by the throat.

Michael kicks the man in front of him and breaks the hold.

Then Michael grabs him and throws him over his head. He shockingly looks up at Michael.

Michael glares down at him. Then he shoots him twice in the chest, killing him instantly.

Michael turns to his left and shoots two men one in the head and the other twice in the chest. They both die and hit the ground.

Three men jump on top of Michael knocking him on his back.

Michael is fighting against them. One man repeatedly punches him in the face.

The other one is kicking him in his ribs.

The third grabs a rope that is tied to a hitch attached to a jeep.

He takes the rope and wraps it around Michael's throat. He goes and gets inside the jeep. Then he starts the engine and pushes the gas. He drives forward dragging Michael along.

Michael puts his fingers between the rope separating it from his throat. His face is turning red fighting for air to breathe.

He continues to drag Michael through the dirt. The other 12 men follow at a shallow even pace.

Michael is starting to lose consciousness.

He quickly takes out his knife and cuts the rope.

Michael gets free and gasps for air. He jumps to his feet holding his throat and he coughs three times.

The jeep came to a sudden stop and the driver hops out. He glances down at the rope and then he looks over at Michael.

DRIVER

You just won't die.

Michael glares at him feeling exhausted. The driver pulls out his 8MM handgun to shoot Michael.

Michael takes out his P320-M17 and shoots him point blank in the head. He falls to his death.

MICHAEL

Semper Fi, ass hole.

Michael sighs and looks to his right as the other men are charging towards him.

Michael takes a deep breath. His legs felt weak and heavy. His shoulders felt numb to the touch.

One man runs towards Michael.

Michael grabs him and slams him into the jeep. He groans as he plunges to the ground.

Michael lifts and drives his knee into the next man's chest. He hunches over wheezing for air.

Michael regains focus and accelerates his speed. Landing jabs, right hooks, and left hooks.

Taking on 11 men on his own. Michael looks behind him and sees the trip wire he set up earlier. He stares back at the men.

Michael quickly turns around and retreats skipping over the wire. He hurries and ducks for cover behind a broken-down vehicle.

The 11 men begin to unload their weapons, firing at Michael.

Armed man 4 triggers the trip wire.

"CLICK!"

He looks down at the ground and he sees the wire.

He turns pale white, realizing death is near. In fear, he looks back at the other men.

ARMED MAN 4
(As loud as can be)
GET BACK!

They turn to run away. The grenades explode and light up.

Immediately killing Armed man 4 and three other men. One man lost his legs, and he is screaming in agonizing pain.

Michael looks out from behind the car. He stands up and walks back over in the same direction as the other men.

Michael now is standing next to the man who lost his legs.

MAN WITHOUT LEGS
(Speaking in a raspy
tone)
Help me.

Michael looks down at him with his gun in his hand. He reaches for Michael's pant leg.

MAN WITHOUT LEGS (CONT'D)
Please.

Michael points his gun at the man's head, shooting and killing him.

Michael looks forward and continues to walk. His wound starts to become inflame. He slightly grunts as he began to limp again.

The six remaining men are spaced out hiding behind cars, tires, trees, and the side of the warehouse.

Michael pauses and looks around with his eyes. He raises his gun in the air, firing twice.

MICHAEL
(As loud as can be)
HEY!

Michael yells in frustration.

One man that's hiding behind a car looks up and aims his rifle towards Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
There's two ways we can handle
this.

The six men lookout from their coverings. Two men are on the side of the warehouse. One man is hiding behind a tree. Two are behind two different vehicles. The last one is hiding behind a stack of tires.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
1, You're going to tell me where
Hector is keeping my family. And
maybe I will let you all live. Or
2.

Michael chuckles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, I'm know physic, but
something tells me. That this won't
end well for either of you. If you
don't comply.

The six men open fire and let Michael have it.

"BANG, BANG, POP, POP, BOOM!"

Michael rushes to the other side of the warehouse. He puts his back up against the wall and places his P320-M17 back in the holster.

He looks to his left and then he looks down and reloads his machine gun.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Fine have it your way.

Michael says to himself.

He looks out from the side of the warehouse. Three men race towards him. The first man ahead of the other two. Runs up to the side of the warehouse where Michael is at.

Michael is aiming his gun in the upright position. He sees him in the corner of his eye. Michael steps out and grabs him by the throat. He wraps his arm around the guy's neck. His back is pressing up against Michael's chest.

Two other men fire blast their weapons. Trying to take Michael out. With one hand, Michael unloads his machine gun killing both men instantly.

Two men on top of the roof walk towards the edge. Unleashing the power of their heavy machine guns. Pellets rocket fire through the air flying towards Michael.

Michael glances up while he still has his arm wrapping tight around the guy's throat.

Michael lets go of his machine gun and takes out his P320-M17.

The man closest to the edge of the roof shoots at Michael. He misses and ends up shooting the man that Michael is holding. He strikes him multiple times in the chest. Soaking his shirt in blood.

Michael looks at him as he takes his last breath. He lets him go and he falls to the ground.

Michael looks back up and fires one shot. Shooting one of the men off the roof. He grunts in pain, letting go of his machine gun.

Michael quickly shoots the second guy several times. He drops his gun and fell back on the roof and dies.

Michael lowers his crosshair as three more men approach him.

Michael shoots and kills all three men at once. They hit the ground hard.

Michael continues lowering his crosshair as he rushes around the front of the warehouse.

Michael points his gun to the left and then to the right. No one is there.

Michael turns to the left and walks up the stairs to the entrance of the warehouse.

Michael whips out a black gaiter face covering from his left side pants pocket. He puts it over his head covering his face.

A moment later he takes out two smoke grenades from his pocket. He opens the door to the warehouse, and tosses them in.

Michael rushes inside and the door shuts behind him. The entrance of the warehouse fills up fast with smoke. A staircase sits near the front door.

One man runs down from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Michael slugs him in the face, cracking his nose. He groans in pain.

He grabs a hold of Michael by his shirt roping him around.

Michael takes his hand and grabs him by the throat. Violently slamming him up against the wall. His lungs quickly fill with smoke, he inhales too many fumes.

Choking and coughing finding it hard to breathe.

He struggles to keep a hold of Michael, so he lets him go.

Michael punches him twice in the face. His head bangs and bounces hard off the wall. Splitting the back of his head open.

Michael releases him and he slides down the wall. Falling in a deep sleep.

Three armed men start running down the stairs towards Michael.

Michael turns and instantly glares back at them.

His eyes intensified with anger and annoyance.

They are covering their faces with their arms. Michael puts his P320-M17 back in his holster and he grabs his machine gun. Strings of bullets electrify, killing all three men.

Intensely jarring their bodies, till they collapse on the stairs.

Michael lowers his crosshair as he turns to walk down the hall.

He lets go of his machine gun and takes out two more smoke grenades. Michael chucks them in the big room next to the armory.

The room quickly overflows with smoke.

Several men were coughing profusely in the distance.

MAN COUGHING
(Loudly)
What the hell!

He continues to cough. Michael turns the corner to another hallway. Five armed men run, charging at Michael.

Michael kicks one of the men in the upper abdomen. Pushing him back into the other men. Michael forcefully punches him in the face knocking him to the floor.

The men that are still standing aim their weapons at Michael.

Smoke begins to flood their lungs. Making it hard to breathe, coughing endlessly. Michael takes his heavy machine gun exploding every shot. Killing all four men.

The man on the ground reaches for his gun. Michael lets go of his machine gun and quickly pulls out his P320-M17 SIG. Then he fires and shoots the man on the ground in the head.

Killing him.

Michael takes out another smoke grenade and tosses it down the hall where he is going. He continues to lower his crosshair once again, while walking at steady pace.

Michael hears men coughing down the hall. He turns to his right into another hallway.

There is a large man at the end of the hall. He stands 6 feet and 8 inches tall. He roughly weighs around 450 pounds.

Two average size men charge towards Michael. They could hardly see. One is holding a hammer, and the other is holding an axe.

Michael ducks avoiding the dangerous swing of the hammer. He leans to the side punching him twice in the chest. Then kneeing him in the stomach.

Michael aggressively tosses him to the side.

The second man runs at him swinging the axe. Grunting and yelling angrily. Michael backs up as he gets closer. He stands about a foot away from the wall. He swings the axe repeatedly.

Michael dodges every swing. With another hard swing, he drives the axe into the wall.

He grips the axe tightly, pulling it from the wall. He looks over and heads towards Michael.

AXE MAN
Time is running out.

He swings the axe towards Michael's abdomen.
Michael jumps back and pulls his stomach in.

AXE MAN (CONT'D)
30 minutes till the death bell
rings.

He spun around and swings with force. Michael jumps back
avoiding the blow of the axe once more.

AXE MAN (CONT'D)
(Speaking vulgarly)
Slicing your bride into tiny
pieces, while your boy watches.
Full fills a fantasy of mine.

He chuckles sarcastically. He swings the axe one last time.
Michael's blood begins to boil.

Michael catches the axe with one hand by its handle. He then
punches him hard three times in the ribs.

Finally, Michael pushes him up against the wall and puts the
axe to his throat.

MICHAEL
(Aggressively speaking)
Fantasize this!

Axe man's eyes open wide as Michael pushes the axe into his
throat. Blood fuses out like a fountain.

He makes gargling noises.

Michael lets go of the axe and steps back glaring with
anger. The man dies being stuck to the wall by the axe.

Michael looks down the hall near the right corner of another
hallway. He marches down there, and creeps around the
corner. He saw a large man standing guarding a door at the
end of the hall.

MICHAEL
Hey, fat bastard!

The large man glares over at him with intensity.

LARGE MAN
(Spoken loudly with rage)
What the fuck did you say?

MICHAEL
(Loudly joking
sarcastically)
If you get that cock out of your
ear. Maybe you could hear me!

The large man infuriates with aggression. He clinches his jaw and bites down on his bottom teeth. Then He storms down the hall heading towards Michael. While he is swinging num chucks.

MICHAEL
Big fella wanna dance, let's dance.

Michael moves to the side and lets him run pass. He turns around and snarls at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Did your mama
not give you enough hugs?

Michael jokes. The large man growls, swinging his num chucks at Michael. Michael ducks and dodges each swing. He turns to his side going for a kick. He grabs Michael's foot and catches him off guard. The large man grins.

Acting fast, Michael jumps up and kicks with his other leg.

Striking him in the back of the head. He grunts and releases Michael's foot. Staggering back, he lunges forward with a full fist. Sling shooting towards Michael.

Michael counter blocks with his right arm and jumps up high throwing a strong right hook to the side of his head. He lands back on his feet. The large man felt lightheaded; he stumbles trying to regain his vision.

Fully coherent, he twirls and swings his num chucks faster than before. Striking Michael in his ribs. Michael grunts from the force of impact. The large man drops his num chucks.

He punches Michael on the left side of the face. Splitting his cheek lightly open. A small amount of blood ooze out.

Michael leans back but didn't lose his balance.

His heart is racing, pumping like dynamite.

He powerfully jabs Michael three times with each close fist.

Michael stumbles, but he keeps standing. He groans. Blood drips from his left eyebrow and lip.

The large man threw one more rock-solid punch. Michael locks both arms crossing them together. Blocking the horrendous punch. The large man is stunned with Michael's defense.

Michael glares at him shoving him back with force. Then he kicks him in the groin.

The large man grunts.

Causing him to hunch over covering himself.

At high rapid speed, Michael knees him in the nose. Breaking it into waterfalls of blood.

The large man swings his gorilla size fist once more. Michael catches his fist one handed. Then he bends his arm back till it snaps.

LARGE MAN
(Painfully yelling)
ARGH!

Michael kept crushing his arm till he fell to his knees. He kicks him hard in the side.

He moans and grunts in pain.

Michael uses his thumbs and pushes his eyes in. Rupturing his eye glands. Losing vision, he squeamish in horrible pain.

He rubs his eyes as Michael lets him go.

Not ready to quit, Michael jabs him twice in the jaw. Knocking his teeth out. Blood shoots across the hall as his lips begin to swell.

He painfully moans in agony.

SLOWMOTION

Lastly, Michael jumps into a round kick striking him in the head. He drops to the floor with pounding vibrations.

He now lies unconscious.

END SLOWMOTION

Michael stares with anger. Then he turns and looks back at the door that was once being guarded. He limps over to the door and notices that it is locked.

Inside the empty room Tyler sits on the floor. He glances at the door as he sees a shadow peering underneath it.

Michael shakes the locks to see if it would come undone.

With no luck, he steps back, and he takes out his P320-M17.

Michael aims his gun at the locks on the door. He cocks his gun back and fires two shots.

"BANG, BANG!"

The locks break.

Inside the empty room. Tyler nervously stands up and stares at the door.

The door slowly creaks open. Tyler patiently waits to see who it is.

Light shines into the room. Michael pulls his face covering up.

Tyler sees his dad standing there.

TYLER
(Shouts excitedly)
Dad!

Tyler races over to Michael. He jumps into his dad's arms, hugging him tight.

MICHAEL
(Feeling relieved)
Oh, thank God! Your alright.

Michael puts Tyler down. He looks around the room gazing with his eyes. Then he looks down at Tyler as he looks up at him.

MICHAEL
Where's your mom?

TYLER
I don't know. They took her.

MICHAEL
Who?

TYLER
The bad men.

Tyler speaks with sadness. Michael touches Tyler's shoulder.

MICHAEL
It's okay. Don't worry,
we will get her back.

Michael pulls out a smaller gaiter face covering from his side pants pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Here, put this on.

Michael hands the gaiter to Tyler. Tyler puts it over his head.

Michael helps him pull it down covering his face.

Michael takes off his machine gun by the sling. He lays it on the floor. Then he unstraps his bullet proof vest.

Michael puts it over Tyler's head and kneels. He straps the vest to Tyler.

Tyler glances at the vest.

Michael grabs his machine gun and stands up. He puts the sling back over his shoulder. Tyler looks up at his dad.

MICHAEL
Come on, get behind me and stay
close.

Michael peeks outside the door and he sees that it is clear to exit. He lowers his crosshair aiming his machine gun. Tyler walks close behind his dad.

Tyler felt anxious and scared as he notices the large man strung out on the floor.

Michael looks back at him. Understanding his fear.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's okay, he will be out for a
while.

Tyler nods his head.

Michael looks forward. They both walk around him. Tyler nervously stares down at him.

Now they are approaching the end of the hall. They both step around the other man lying on the ground.

Michael didn't want Tyler to see the man axe to the wall. He glances back at Tyler. They slow down and stop walking.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey buddy, why don't you close your eyes.

Tyler nods his head and closes his eyes squinting tight. He holds onto the back of his dad's belt.

Michael looks straight again.

They continue to walk and move past the guy with the axe.

Michael lowers his crosshair preparing to fire his weapon if need be. The warehouse is foggy with smoke.

Michael looks around.

Tyler's eyes are still close while holding onto his dad's belt. Michael and Tyler reach the end of the hall. Two armed men come running from the armory.

MICHAEL

Cover your ears, Ty.

Tyler lets go of his dad's belt and covers his ears. Michael glances back at Tyler and then he looks back at the armed men.

Michael fires several times, shooting and killing both men.

They crash to the floor.

The large man's eyes suddenly pop open. Michael looks back at Tyler.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Got to keep moving.

Michael looks forward and to the left down towards the entrance of the warehouse.

TYLER

Roger that.

Tyler goes to grab the back of his dad's belt again. The large man comes behind him and picks him up. Tyler yells and opens his eyes.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(As loud as can be)

DAD!

Michael looks back and sees the large man. His heart beats fast pounding out of his chest. When he hears Tyler's cries.

He lets go of his machine gun and quickly pulls out his P320-M17.

Tyler squirms in attempt to get away. Michael aims and cocks his gun. He pulls the trigger shooting the large man in the head.

Instantly killing him. He drops Tyler and falls to the floor.

Michael catches Tyler in his arms before he hit the ground.

MICHAEL
Are you okay?

He sets Tyler down. Tyler nods his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Let's keep on moving.

Michael turns back around and puts his gun back in the holster.

He grabs his machine gun and aims it as they walk. Tyler glances back at the large man. Frighten with fear. He closes his eyes and grabs the back of his dad's belt.

They turn left and stride towards the entrance. Michael looks over at the stairs. The bodies of the men that he shot earlier lay there cold.

Michael aims his gun up at the staircase. Making sure nobody is coming down. He looks back at the door and pushes it open.

Michael heads outside with Tyler in tow. Tyler opens his eyes.

Three-armed men dart towards Michael.

Michael looks back at Tyler.

MICHAEL
Cover your eyes.

Tyler covers his eyes with both hands. Michael looks back and unloads his machine gun killing two men.

Unfortunately, Michael runs out of ammo. He lets go of his gun. And at lighting speed, he rushes to the last man standing.

Michael yanks his knife from his holster. He jumps high off the first step and stabs him in the side of the head.

Michael rips his knife back out of his head. Blood spills from his dimple. He lies there in vain without a pulse.

Michael turns back and looks at Tyler.

Tyler uncovers his eyes. Michael takes off his face covering and threw it to the ground. Tyler pulls his up over his head.

MICHAEL

Come on.

Michael hand signals for Tyler to follow. Tyler hurries over to him.

Michael observes all his surroundings. Tyler walks down four steps that lead to the warehouse. Michael takes back out his P320-M17. Then he takes out 9MM bullets and reloads his P320-M17.

He walks down the last two steps. Tyler cautiously follows behind his dad. Michael and Tyler hear Sara scream.

SARA (V.O.)

(Loudly)

AHHHHH!

They both looked terrified.

Michael looks back at Tyler. He quickly places his P320-M17 back in his holster.

TYLER

Mom.

Michael picks up Tyler with one arm. Michael turns and runs behind the back of the warehouse towards Sara's cries for help.

Behind the warehouse there is a lake with a bridge leading out to a small boat.

Michael sets Tyler down. Tyler looks up at him. Michael puts his finger to Tyler's mouth. He looks down at him.

MICHAEL

Shhh...

Tyler nods his head.

Michael looks out from the side of the warehouse as he puts his finger back down. He sees Hector aiming a gun at the back of Sara's head. Javi and Armando are following behind them.

They are walking on the bridge heading for the boat.

HECTOR
(Aggressively)
Move!

Hector nudges Sara with the gun. She stumbles almost losing her footing. Overwhelm with anger, Michael looks back at Tyler.

MICHAEL
I need you to be brave.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Braver than you already are.

Michael rests his hand on Tyler's shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You think you can handle that
soldier?

Tyler looks up at him and nods his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I knew you could.

Michael glances over at a wide and tall bush. He looks back at Tyler. Michael walks Tyler behind the bush. He kneels and holds Tyler's hands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I need you to stay here.
Stay hidden. It will be safer for
you.

Tyler was scared. He didn't want to be left alone. He looks over to his left and then back at his dad.

TYLER
Please don't go.

Tyler whimpers.

Michael looks down and then back up at him.

MICHAEL
I know you're scared, and it's okay
to be. But right now, your mama
needs me.

Tyler glances down and nods his head. Michael lets go of Tyler's hands and takes out his knife.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Here, take this.

Tyler stares at the knife.

TYLER
No dad, I don't want to.

MICHAEL
Take it. Just in case you need it.

TYLER
I don't know how to use it.

MICHAEL
Like this.

Michael swings the knife in demonstration. Showing Tyler how to use it. Then he flips it around and hands the back end of the knife to Tyler.

MICHAEL(CONT'D)
Stay here and don't let anybody see
you. I won't be long, I promise.

Michael stands up and looks down at Tyler. He salutes and Tyler copies.

Tyler ducks down and hides behind the bush. Michael runs over to the side of the warehouse. He places his back against the wall.

Michael takes out bullets from his pocket and reloads his heavy machine gun. He watches as Hector pushes Sara in the small boat.

HECTOR
Get down there.

Sara almost lost her balance. She turns around and glares up at Hector. Drowning in sadness and anger.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
(Aggressively)
Don't move, or I will shoot you.

Hector points his gun at her. Michael rushes out from the side of the warehouse. He stands near the lake right next to the bridge. Aiming his gun.

MICHAEL
(Loudly demanding)
Let her go Hector!

Sara looks over at Michael. Feeling slightly relieved, knowing that Michael is there. But she also knew that they were not in the clear just yet.

Hector slowly turns around and stares at him.

Javi and Armando look back at Michael.

HECTOR

I'm afraid you are too late Mike.

MICHAEL

Bullshit! I still got three minutes! Let her go now!

Anger and tension rise in his voice.

Hector gets on the boat and Javi joins him. Hector aims the gun at Sara's head. Her eyes submerge with tears.

Javi starts the boat and revs the motor. The sound is so loud, it's deafening.

Armando stays behind on the bridge. He walks up the bridge towards Michael. Armando rapidly fires his machine gun; he misses every shot.

Michael backs up then he marches closer to Armando. Michael fires his machine gun, shooting and killing him.

Michael can see the boat floating off in the distance. He runs down the bridge and dives into the lake fully clothed. Swimming like an Olympic swimmer.

EXT./INT. SAVING SARA/LAKE HOUSE/CONTINUOUS - DAY

Javi drives the boat to another boat dock.

Javi climbs out first. He grabs the rope from the boat and ties it to the dock.

Hector glares at Sara while still aiming the gun at her head.

HECTOR

Get out.

He pushes the gun into the back of her head. Her head jerks to the side. She stands up and Javi walks over to her. Javi grabs her by the arms and pulls her out of the boat.

Hector follows behind her still aiming his gun.

Hector nervously looks over his shoulder. Searching for Michael.

But he is nowhere in sight. Hector looks back at Sara as they continue to walk up the boat ramp. They walk up to a small lake house.

One of Hector's men is armed. Guarding the front door to the lake house. He moves aside and lets Javi open the door.

Sara and Hector go inside. Javi follows behind them.

Michael swims up above the water searching for the boat.

He sways and looks behind him. He sees the boat at the dock about 50 feet away. He starts to swim towards the lake house.

Underneath the dock, Michael swims up above the water.

He spits water out of his mouth and swims over to the boat ramp.

Michael grabs the edge of the ramp and pushes up. He lifts himself out of the water. He climbs onto the boat ramp and hurries to his feet.

He quickly rushes to the side of the lake house.

Michael's back is against the side of the house. He grabs his machine gun and flips it upside down. Draining all the lake water from his gun. Then he turns it right side up.

Lowering his crosshair, Michael slowly walks alongside the wall of the lake house. He peeks in through the window and sees Hector having a conversation with the men inside. Javi and four other men.

Michael doesn't see Sara.

At the front door, stands an armed man holding a shotgun.

Michael rolls underneath the window so he couldn't be detected. He is down on one knee. Michael reaches in his sock and takes out a small pocketknife.

He stabs the armed man violently in the ankle.

He groans and shouts in pain.

Inside the house, Hector hears his screams. The other men hear them too. Hector was feeling anxiously concern.

HECTOR
Javi, go check it out.

Javi questionable, looks at Hector. He holds a SEMI-AUTOMATIC machine gun.

JAVI
Why me?

HECTOR
Quit being a little bitch and go look.

Javi looks at Hector annoyed. He deeply sighs. The other four men glance at Hector and then at Javi.

Javi walks to the back door and opens it. He goes outside, shutting the door behind him.

With the quickness, Michael stabs the armed man in the thigh. Once again, he groans loudly in agony. He turns towards Michael aiming his shot gun. Michael stands up out of the view of the window.

Before he could get a single bullet out. Michael stabs him repeatedly in the abdomen. With every struck of the knife, he moans in pain. Blood splashes on the dock and on Michael as well.

He drops his gun, and then Michael shoves him into the lake.

His body floats surrounding him with his own blood.

Javi looks around outside. It is quiet and he sees nothing. He walks down the porch and looks out towards the lake.

Javi sees the body of the man floating face down. He looks paranoid. Javi swiftly turns around.

Michael is standing right behind him. Javi is in shock.

MICHAEL
Where's my wife?

Michael asks with tension in his voice.

JAVI
She is about to be dead in 30 seconds.

Javi smirks looking at his watch. Then he glares at Michael.

Michael aggressively grabs Javi by his head. Snapping his neck, killing him. His body flops down on the dock.

MICHAEL
Wrong answer.

Michael then turns around and walks up to the back door.
Inside the lake house, Hector is starting to worry.

HECTOR
Go see what is taking so long.

Hector looks around at the four men. They get up and head for the back door.

Then Hector walks over to a door leading to a bedroom.

One of the men goes to open the back door. But Michael opens it first.

Michael is aiming his machine gun at all four men.

MICHAEL
(Aggressively)
Back up!

The four men back up slowly. One man has his hands up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Drop your weapons.

One man flips his gun, hanging by the trigger on his finger.

Michael grabs his gun and empties the magazine. Then he drops the gun to the floor. The three other men set their guns down on the carpet.

One man slowly reaches down to pick up his weapon. Michael notices him going for his gun.

With no hesitation, Michael shoots his hand.

The man jumps and grunts in pain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(Speaking assertively
with anger)
Try it again, and the next one goes
in your skull.

Feeling scared, the men back up. Michael kicks their guns out of the way. He walks to the bedroom door. One of the four men quickly goes and grabs a gun from the floor.

He aims it at Michael.

Michael swiftly turns around and shoots him in the head.

"BANG!"

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Anyone else want to make a move? I
can assure you that it will be the
last one you ever take.

The three frighten men look at Michael shaking their heads
no.

Michael turns around and slowly opens the door. Hector is
standing there a few feet from the door. He has a gun to
Sara's head.

Sara's eyes are red and foggy from crying too many tears.

Michael stares at Sara with sadness and guilt.

MICHAEL
(Mouth the words)
I'm sorry.

He then glares angrily at Hector.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's over Hector. Let her go.

Michael continues to aim his gun at him.

HECTOR
I'm not done playing yet.
It's over when I say it's over.

Hector walks slowly around with Sara going towards the door.

Michael leisurely follows him. Hector exits the room with
Sara.

Michael trails closely behind them. Hector opens the front
door and walks out with Sara.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
15 years of my life wasted!
For what? For you to flake out on
me like a coward!

Hector's arm is wrapped around Sara's throat tightly. He is
walking backwards. While waving his gun at Michael.

Michael continues to aim his gun at him.

MICHAEL

I was just kid Hector, I was scared. So, I ran. I own that! Since that day I have lived with regret for never turning back. I know I can't change the past. I wish I could, but I can't. And I'm sorry.

Hector stops walking with his back against the railing of the dock. Michael is facing Hector and Sara.

HECTOR

Your bitch ass is sorry.

Hector smirks.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You have no idea how long I waited for this day.

MICHAEL

So, this is what you decided to do with your freedom.

HECTOR

Killing you has always been a part of my plan. Killing your wife.

Hector chuckles.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Well, that's a bonus.

MICHAEL

Hector, you want to kill me that's fine. She has nothing to do with this. This is between us. Let her go.

Sara was frightened, choking back tears.

HECTOR

You want her? Go save her hero. Let's hope she can swim with her hands tied.

Hector pushes Sara into the lake.

SLOW MOTION

She falls backwards crashing into the lake.

END SLOW MOTION

Sara submerges under the lake. She panics kicking her legs trying to swim to the top. Oxygen slowly escapes her lungs. She is struggling and feeling faint. Very quickly, Sara becomes tired.

Hector steps to the side.

Michael lets his gun go hanging by the sling. He runs and dives into the lake. Sara sinks further underwater. Michael quickly swims down gliding through the water.

He finally reaches Sara and wraps one arm around her waist. He swims and pulls her up to the surface.

Michael leaps out of the water and takes a big breath. Sara gasps for air and coughs a few times.

Michael softly glances at her. Then he swims to the boat ramp with her in his arm. Michael's feet are able to touch the muddy ground under the lake.

Then he walks up the boat ramp carrying Sara in his arms.

Hector is waiting for him at the top. He is aiming his gun at them both.

Michael's faces softens as he looks at Sara with love. He then sets her down on the dock.

Michael sprints towards Hector, spearing him to the ground. Hector fires his gun.

"POP."

He misses his shot. Hector's gun flew out of his hand as he lands on the dock.

Michael sits on top of Hector punching him repeatedly in the face. Till he was unrecognizable. He was beating till he was black and blue.

Blood streams from his mouth and nose.

His left eye is swollen shut.

Sara couldn't bear to watch.

SARA
Mike, Mike! Stop, please!

Sara begs.

Michael pauses while raising his fist. Listening to the fear in her voice.

He holds Hector's head up by the collar of his shirt. He looks back at her and then he looks at Hector.

Michael let's go of Hector and stands up. He angrily stares down at him.

MICHAEL
(Tension and anger)
If you ever come near my family
again! I swear I will fucking kill
you! You won't get a second chance!

Hector moves his head side to side. Moaning and groaning in agonizing pain.

Michael looks back at Sara and he walks over to her.

Michael got down on one knee and he takes out his pocketknife.

He cuts the zip ties from her wrists. He stands back up.

Michael takes her hand and helps her up. He embraces her and pulls her in for a long hug. He clutches her tight not wanting to let her go.

They pull away and stop hugging. Michael places his hands on each side of her waist.

MICHAEL
Are you okay?

Sara nods and smiles.

Then she gasps fearfully.

SARA
Where is Tyler?

Sara frantically asks.

MICHAEL
Don't worry, he's safe.

Sara breathes a sigh of relief. Michael wraps his arms around her holding her tight. He kisses her on the top of her forehead.

They stop hugging once again.

MICHAEL
Let's go get our son.

They both smile. Then they start to walk towards the boat hand in hand.

Lying on the ground, Hector reaches and grabs his gun. Hector lifts his head up and cocks his gun back.

Michael side eyes, as he hears the clicking sound of a gun.

Immediately, Michael whips out his P320-M17.

While looking back at Hector, Sara gasps feeling afraid.

Michael turns and faces him. Before Hector could even pull the trigger.

SLOW MOTION

Michael shoots him multiple times in the chest. His body jars up and down.

Sara couldn't watch. So, she looks away.

END SLOWMOTION

Hector drops his gun in the middle of the chaos. Michael lowers his gun. He intensively stares down at Hector's lifeless body.

Michael turns to Sara.

MICHAEL
You ready?

SARA
Yeah.

Michael takes Sara by the hand, and they walk towards the boat.

He lets go of her hand and walks to the rope. Michael unties the rope from the post. Then he helps Sara get in the boat. He jumps in after her.

Sara sits down on a seat. The boat key was left in the ignition.

Michael turns the key, and the engine starts right up.

Sara smiles in solace.

Michael hits the gas, flooring it all the way to the warehouse.

Michael looks at her as she looks at him.

They both smile. Michael turns back and continues steering the boat.

Finally, they reach the bridge by the warehouse.

Michael grabs the boat's rope, and he swings it looping it around a metal hook. He shuts the boat off.

Michael steps out of the boat and faces Sara. He reaches for her hand.

She takes his hand, and he pulls her out of the boat. Sara walks ahead of Michael. Looking for Tyler.

SARA
(Loudly)
Tyler! Tyler!

Michael is a few steps behind her.

MICHAEL
It's okay Ty. You can come out.

Tyler stands up and walks out from behind the bush. He sees his mom and dad. His face lights up with joy.

TYLER
Mom!

Tyler shouts excitedly. Then he drops the knife and runs to his mom. He jumps in her arms.

She hugs and holds him tight. Michael smiles and walks over to them. He wraps his arms around them. Tyler glances up at his dad.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Thank you, dad.

Michael smiles and nods.

Tyler looks back and hugs his mom tighter. They slowly let go and Michael smiles at him. Sara smiles at them both.

MICHAEL
Let's go home.

Tyler turns and walks ahead of his parents. Michael wraps his arm around Sara's shoulders. She wraps hers around his waist.

Michael limps as they continue to walk away.

INT./EXT. LARGE WHITE BUILDING/LALO GETS ARRESTED - DAY

Lalo is packaging drugs. He looks up in disbelief as he hears the loud roaring sounds of sirens. Police have the building surrounded. Up above a police helicopter whirls and circles around the building.

A police officer drags Lalo out in handcuffs.

Five other police officers walk behind them with several different men in cuffs. They walk to their police cruisers and place them in the backseats.

EXT. THE BEACH/SUNSET - DAY

7 weeks later, Michael, Sara, and Tyler are at the beach.

Michael and Sara are sitting on a large thin blanket on the sand. They have a medium size umbrella for shade. A wicker picnic basket sits on the blanket.

Tyler is playing in the sand 10 feet away. He is building a sandcastle with his beach toys. Sara looks peacefully over at Michael.

A small breeze flows in the wind.

SARA

So, do you go back next week?

Michael looks over at her.

MICHAEL

I have been thinking about staying
on leave a bit longer.

SARA

(Excitedly)

Really?

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I talked to the Colonel about
extending my stay. He said I earned
another month or two.

Sara smiles and he smiles back. They lean in and kiss.

Tyler gets up from the sand and runs over to them.

Michael and Sara stop kissing.

TYLER

Dad come on; let's go play.

Tyler grabs his dad's hand.

MICHAEL

Alright, alright.

Michael chuckles happily. He stands up and Tyler lets go of his hand.

Sara smiles at Michael.

He looks down at her reaching for her hand. She takes his hand and Michael helps her up.

Tyler grabs his dad's hand and pulls him towards the ocean.

Michael and Sara laugh delightfully. Tyler cheerfully smiles.

Michael picks him up high over his head. He spins him around.

Sara smiles. She's the happiest she has ever been.

Michael sets Tyler back down.

Tyler runs to the ocean.

The waves of the ocean send high tides in motion.

Michael and Sara wrap their arms around each other's waist.

Gazing at the sunset.

FADE OUT